

No.13



TEN  
CENT

# BAT MAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

OCT.  
NOV.



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# GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

## CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR BOOK REVIEWS!

Boys and girls! Would you like to see your own book reviews printed on this page? Would you like to win cash prizes? Here's your chance!

The list of books below has been suggested by Mrs. Grace E. Cartmell, Supt. of Work with Children, of the Queensboro Public Library. Young people in her library have read them and liked them. Get one of these books from your library, send me a review of it in less than 200 words. The winning review will appear in this magazine, and the writer will receive a \$5.00 prize. You can win!

Send your review to me in care of this magazine, 480 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C. Print your name and address plainly.

JOSETTE FRANK

Young Mac of Fort Vancouver.....By Mary Jane Carr  
Black Stallion.....By Walter Farley  
Juneau the Sleigh Dog.....By West Lathrop  
Citadel of a Hundred Stairways.....By Alida Malkus  
Black Fire.....By Coville Newcomb  
Way Down Cellar.....By Phil Stong  
Piang, the Moro Chieftain.....By Florence Stuart  
Happy Landing.....By Leonora M. Weber  
Haven for the Brave.....By Elizabeth Yates  
The Last of the Gauchos.....By Thomas Williamson

## THE WONDER BOOK OF THE AIR.

By C. B. Allen and Lauren D. Lyman  
with an introduction by Bernt Balchen

Why does an airplane fly? What is different about a glider? What about autogiros? What kinds of planes are there especially made for carrying mails, for crossing vast oceans, for transport and for war?

All these and hundreds of other questions that most boys ask are answered in this book. It covers everything about flying—the planes and how they operate, the air-routes and how they are mapped, the pilots and how they are chosen and trained, the air heroes of peace and of war and their daring exploits, the marvels of aircraft radio, and the most modern uses of fighters, bombers and pursuit planes in this war.

There are exciting stories, too, of man's early attempts to fly and the many experiments and disasters that led to the development from balloons to wings. Many of the famous flights of history are described in thrilling accounts.

One whole chapter tells about the instruments in the pilot's cabin; another describes the different types of motor—"the heart of the airplane."

About two hundred photographs illustrate the book and add greatly to its interest. Any boy or girl who wants to know about modern airplanes as well as the romance of man's conquest of the air, will find it all in this book.

Ask for it at your library.

## SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Venus No. 2)

K PGGF COGTEC. COGTEC PGFFU AQW.  
FQ AQWT DKV!



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

THE BOY WONDER -

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

by

BOB  
KANE

WHAT IS THE  
GREATEST CRIME-CRUSH-  
ING COMBINATION OF ALL TIME?  
THAT'S EASY... THE FIRM OF **BAT-  
MAN AND ROBIN, UNLIMITED**,  
EXPERTS IN MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE!  
A PERFECTLY CO-ORDINATED TEAM, THEY  
HAVE PUT COUNTLESS EVIL-DOERS BE-  
HIND BARS AND SENT OTHERS TRUD-  
ING THE LAST MILE TO THE DEATH HOUSE....  
BUT NOW, INCREDIBLY, THE PARTNERSHIP  
IS BROKEN! BIDDING A BEWILDERED **ROBIN**  
GOODBYE, THE **BATMAN** SETS OUT  
ALONE ON THE DANGER TRAIL! **HOW**  
WILL THE MIGHTY CHAMPION SUCCEED  
WITHOUT HIS LOYAL COMRADE?  
WHY WAS THEIR FRIENDSHIP BROKEN?  
YOU WILL FIND THE

ANSWER IN -  
**"THE BATMAN PLAYS  
A LONE HAND!"**



A SUITCASE IS PACKED IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME...

PACKING!  
WHERE ARE  
WE GOING  
BRUCE?

WE'RE NOT  
GOING ANYWHERE!  
DICK, YOU  
AND I HAVE  
GOT TO HAVE  
A FINAL  
UNDERSTANDING...



...AND DICK GRAYSON, BRUCE'S  
HITHERTO INSEPARABLE PAL,  
RECEIVES THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!

WE'RE PARTING  
COMPANY, DICK.  
FROM NOW ON  
THE BATMAN  
WORKS ALONE!

I--I DON'T  
GET IT...  
YOU'RE  
KIDDING,  
AREN'T YOU?



THAT'S ONE OF  
THE TROUBLES  
WITH YOU...YOU  
THINK LIFE IS  
FULL OF KIDDING  
THIS  
TIME I'M  
DEAD  
SERIOUS!

GEE,  
BRUCE...  
I DON'T  
KNOW  
WHAT TO  
SAY!



I NEVER THOUGHT  
WE'D BREAK UP AFTER  
ALL OUR ADVENTURES...  
ALL THE TIMES  
WE'VE RISKED  
OUR LIVES TO-  
GETHER, AND  
FOUGHT SIDE  
BY SIDE!

THAT'S  
ANOTHER  
REASON...



I'D BE FIGHTING  
CROOKS, AND  
HAVE TO WATCH  
OUT FOR YOU  
AT THE SAME  
TIME!

...ULP!..IF  
I'D KNOWN  
YOU FELT  
LIKE THAT...



HIGH TIME I WAS  
GETTING RID  
OF THIS  
JUNK!

M-MY  
P-PICTURE!



FROM NOW ON  
YOU CAN GIVE MORE  
TIME TO SCHOOL  
WORK. IT ISN'T  
RIGHT FOR A KID  
LIKE YOU TO BE  
CHASING AROUND  
GETTING INTO  
FIGHTS!

YOU DON'T  
NEED TO  
SAY ANY  
MORE...



BUT WHEN DICK HAS  
LEFT THE ROOM ...

I DIDN'T LIKE  
TO SMASH IT  
BUT I HAD TO  
MAKE THE KID  
UNDERSTAND...  
I'LL JUST KEEP  
THIS!



WELL, SO LONG,  
YOUNGSTER! I'VE  
LEFT MONEY TO  
TAKE CARE OF  
YOU...AND MAY-  
BE WE'LL RUN  
ACROSS EACH  
OTHER AGAIN  
SOMETIME!

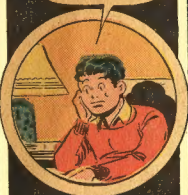
GOODBYE!





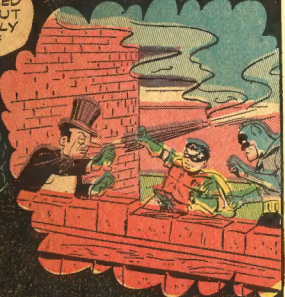
**H**AS ROBIN THE BOY WONDER FOUGHT HIS LAST GALLANT BATTLE AGAINST INJUSTICE AT THE SIDE OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN?... THE LOYAL HEART OF THE LAD IS CLOSE TO BREAKING AS HIS BEWILDERED MIND SEEKS TO ESCAPE THE DRABNESS OF THE PRESENT BY REVIEWING GLAMOROUS SCENES FROM THE PAST...

HE CALLED ME A NUISANCE, AFTER ALL THE TIMES I'VE STOOD BY HIM WHEN THINGS LOOKED HOPELESS...



...WHEN THE JOKER THOUGHT HE HAD US TRAPPED AND WAS GOING TO GET RID OF US FOR GOOD...

...WHEN THE PENGUIN PULLED SURPRISES OUT OF THAT DEADLY UMBRELLA OF HIS...



THAT CAN COUNT IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR ME, HERE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANY MORE BATMAN!

IT ISN'T TRUE! (SOB) I WASN'T EVER IN HIS WAY! HE JUST (SOB) HE JUST DOESN'T LIKE ME ANY MORE!



SUSPICION BEARS ITS UGLY HEAD AS THE BOY'S GRIEF WEARS ITSELF OUT...

GE. MAYBE HE WANTS ALL THE GLORY FOR HIMSELF! MAYBE HE THOUGHT ROBIN WAS GETTING TOO POPULAR!



AND INEVITABLY COMES BLIND, UNREASONING ANGER...

I DON'T WANT HIS MONEY AND I WON'T LIVE IN HIS HOUSE! I'LL RUN AWAY AND SHOW HIM I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!



NIGHT... AND A HOMELESS WAIF  
TRUDGES THE POORER STREETS  
OF GOTHAM CITY...

RESCUE  
MISSION  
LOOKING  
ROOMS

KID, COULD  
YA SPARE  
A NICKLE  
FOR  
CAWFREE?

I WOULD,  
GLADLY--  
ONLY I  
HAVEN'T  
GOT A  
CENT!

A SEARCHLIGHT BEAM STABS  
UPWARD, PAINTING A FAMILIAR  
SYMBOL AGAINST THE BLACK  
SKY...

COMMISSIONER  
GORDON'S SIGNAL!  
HE NEEDS THE  
BATMAN AND  
ROB-- I  
MEAN, THE  
BATMAN!



JIMMINY--TH'  
BATMAN'S  
GOIN' OUT  
AFTER SOME  
CROOKS!

AIN'T  
ROBIN  
A LUCKY  
KID TO BE  
WITH HIM?

LUCKY, EH?  
IF THEY  
ONLY  
KNEW!

LATER... A BURST OF GUNFIRE SHATTERS THE NIGHT...  
AND SUDDENLY...

SHOTS-- AND  
IT'S HIM! IT'S  
THE BATMAN!  
THEY MUSTN'T  
HIT HIM!

BANG!  
BANG!

BUT THE NEXT INSTANT, THE THRILL THAT  
TINGLED THROUGH DICK IS CRUSHED BENEATH  
THE CRUELEST BLOW OF ALL!

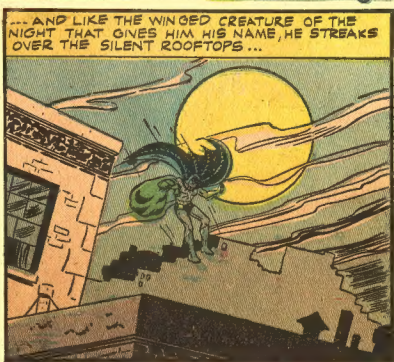
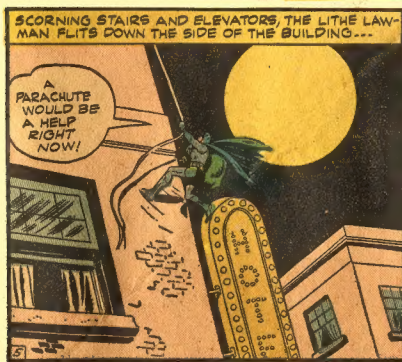
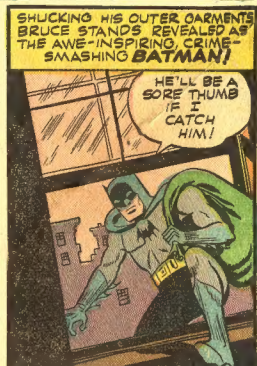
WHA--?  
ANOTHER  
BOY IN A  
UNIFORM LIKE  
MINE, WORKING  
WITH THE BAT-  
MAN!... BUT IT  
CAN'T BE!  
IT CAN'T  
BE!

SCALDING TEARS BLIND  
THE STRICKEN YOUNGSTER!

HE'S GOT  
ANOTHER  
ROBIN!  
THAT'S WHY  
HE WANTED  
TO GET  
RID OF  
ME!

BET THAT  
LITTLE  
BRAT HASN'T  
A BRAIN  
IN HIS HEAD!  
BET I COULD  
LICK HIM  
WITH ONE  
HAND!





FROM A PRECARIOUS PERCH, HIS KEEN EYES  
SIGHT A SPEEDING VEHICLE....

BUT THERE'S TRAFFIC  
DOWN THERE... A CAR  
LOADED WITH MEN,  
DOING FIFTY AT  
LEAST! THIS  
IS WHERE THE  
FUN STARTS!



THE THUMB, DAPPER DESPERADO  
WHO SEEKS TO SPREAD A REIGN  
OF TERROR OVER GOTHAM CITY,  
SCOLDS HIS HENCHMEN...

THERE WAS  
THE MAYOR  
NOT TWENTY  
FEET AWAY,  
AND YOU  
MISSED  
HIM!

BUT HIS  
BODYGUARDS  
WERE SHOOTIN'  
AT US!



NO ALIBIS!  
I'LL SHOW YOU  
HOW YOU  
SHOULD HAVE  
DONE IT!

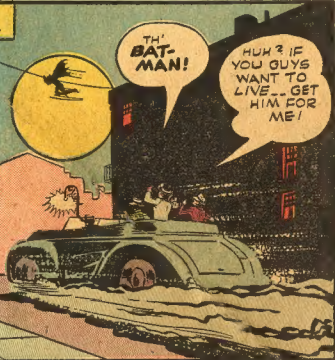
DON'T  
THUMB! WE'LL  
DO BETTER  
NEXT  
TIME!



AT THAT  
INSTANT...

TH'  
BAT-  
MAN!

HUH? IF  
YOU GUYS  
WANT TO  
LIVE... GET  
HIM FOR  
ME!



IF HE'D  
ONLY STAY  
STILL  
FOR A  
MINUTE!



STOP THE  
CAR! THE  
KID IS THE  
ONE I REALLY  
WANT!

WITH THE  
KID GONE,  
TH'  
BATMAN  
WILL GO  
CRAZY!



AS THE MACHINE GUN CHATTERS THE  
SMALL FIGURE SHUDERS, THEN DROPS  
SICKENINGLY!

GO T-H-I-M!  
NOW THE BATMAN  
WILL KNOW I  
MEAN BUSINESS!

I'D FEEL  
BETTER  
IF YOU'D  
GOT TH'  
BATMAN,  
TOO!



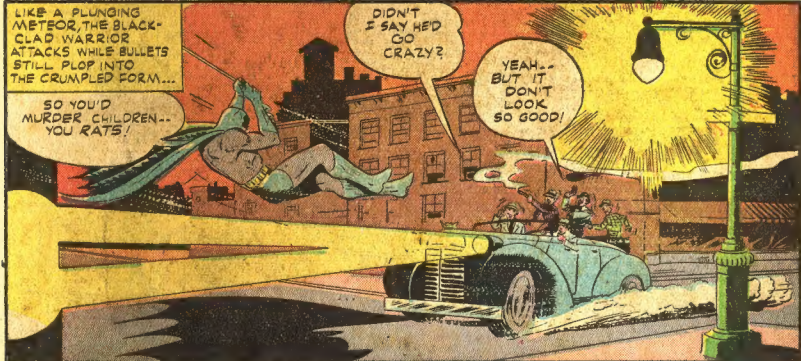


LIKE A PLUNGING  
METEOR, THE BLACK-  
CLAD WARRIOR  
ATTACKS WHILE BULLETS  
STILL PLOP INTO  
THE CRUMPLED FORM...

SO YOU'D  
MURDER CHILDREN--  
YOU RATS!

DIDN'T  
I SAY HE'D  
GO  
CRAZY?

YEAH--  
BUT IT  
DON'T  
LOOK  
SO GOOD!



HERE'S  
WHERE I  
THUMB  
A RIDE!

KILL  
HIM,  
YOU  
FOOLS!



HELP!

IF I'M CROWDING  
YOU, THIS WILL  
GIVE YOU MORE  
ROOM!



I'LL NEED  
A LOT OF SPACE  
FOR THIS  
NEXT OPERATION!

YOU'LL  
GET SPACE...  
SIX  
FEET DOWN!



THUMBS  
DOWN!

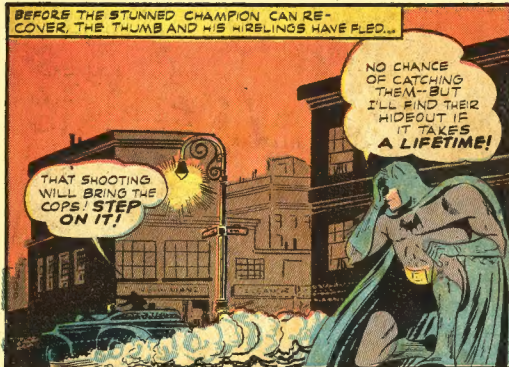


HOW D'YA  
LIKE  
THEM  
APPLES?

HUH???



BEFORE THE STUNNED CHAMPION CAN RECOVER, THE THUMB AND HIS HIRELINGS HAVE FLED...

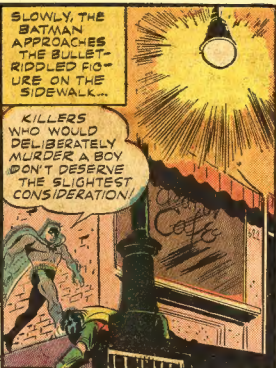


THAT SHOOTING  
WILL BRING THE  
COPS! **STEP  
ON IT!**

NO CHANCE  
OF CATCHING  
THEM-- BUT  
I'LL FIND THEIR  
HIDEOUT IF  
IT TAKES  
**A LIFETIME!**

SLOWLY, THE  
BATMAN  
APPROACHES  
THE BULLET-  
RIDDEN FIG-  
URE ON THE  
SIDEWALK...

KILLERS  
WHO WOULD  
DELIBERATELY  
MURDER A BOY  
DON'T DESERVE  
THE SLIGHTEST  
CONSIDERATION!



HIS MUSCULAR SHOULDERS SHAKE  
AS HE CRADLES THE STILL FORM  
IN HIS ARMS... BUT WHAT'S THIS?  
**HE'S LAUGHING!!**



TOWING THIS  
DUMMY BEHIND ME  
WITH A WIRE CERTAINLY  
FOOLED THEM! WHILE  
THEY BLASTED AT IT,  
I HAD A CHANCE TO  
TACKLE THEM BY  
**SURPRISE!**

THERE IS NO LAUGHTER IN THE SECRET  
STRONGHOLD OF THE THUMB, HOWEVER...



THE BATMAN  
WON'T GIVE US  
A MINUTE'S  
PEACE FROM NOW  
ON! I'LL NEVER GET  
THIS TOWN UNDER MY  
THUMB WHILE HE'S  
**ALIVE!**

YEAH-- WE  
GOTTA POLISH  
HIM OFF--  
**BUT  
HOW?**

WE DON'T WANT  
ANOTHER FIGHT--  
HE CAN MOVE  
LIKE LIGHTNING  
AND HIT LIKE A  
THUNDERBOLT!



YA DON'T HAVE  
TO WISE US UP  
TO WHAT WE  
ALREADY  
KNOW!

I'VE GOT IT!  
WE'LL HAVE  
HIM PAY US  
A SOCIAL  
CALL!

HAVE  
YA GONE  
BATTY?



**SNAP!**

NEXT MORNING...



HMMM! A TRAP,  
OF COURSE--  
BUT IT'S MY  
ONLY CHANCE  
TO LOCATE THE  
THUMB BEFORE  
HE CARRIES OUT  
ANY MORE OF  
HIS MURDEROUS  
SCHEMES!

ADVERTISEMENT:  
BATMAN!  
INTERESTING  
INFORMATION  
YOU AT  
AWAITS  
44 ARDRE ST.  
...A FRIEND.

MEANWHILE, AT THE THUMB'S HIDEOUT,  
PREPARATIONS ARE MADE TO RECEIVE  
THE DISTINGUISHED VISITOR...



TH' THUMB'S  
WATCHIN' THE BACK  
DOOR AN' MONK TH'  
FRONT, AN' I'M UP HERE  
IN CASE HE TRIES ANY  
AERIAL TRICKS-- TH'  
POOR SAPIAINT GOT  
A CHANCE!



A PEDDLER AT THE KITCHEN DOOR  
FINDS AN UNPROMISING PROSPECT...

I'M THE  
FILLER  
BRUSH  
MAN!

NO SALE!  
SWEEP YOUR-  
SELF  
ON YOUR WAY!

YOU CAN'T  
BRUSH ME  
OFF THAT  
SIMPLY!

SAY---  
ARE YOU  
TIRED OF  
LIVING?

I INSIST  
ON DEMONSTRATING  
THE NEWEST  
WRINKLES IN  
HOUSECLEANING!

MONK!  
SLASHER!  
HE'S  
HERE!

FLINGING ASIDE HIS DISGUISE, THE **BATMAN** GIRDS  
FOR BATTLE---

I'LL MOP  
UP THE WHOLE  
GANG OF  
YOU!

MAKE IT A  
GOOD JOB---  
HERE'S SOME  
SOAP!

NO  
SOAP!

THEN PERHAPS  
YOU'D LIKE  
TO START WITH  
THE CELLAR!

HOW'D  
HE GET  
IN?

WHA...?

DOWN-  
STAIRS!  
AFTER  
HIM, YOU  
GUYS!

THE FORCE OF THE  
FALL STUNS THE  
BATMAN...

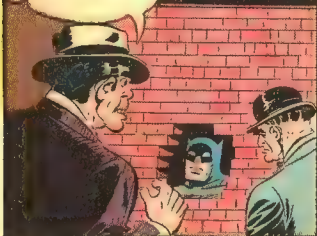
GRAB  
HIM BE-  
FORE HE  
COMES  
TO!

AND WHEN CONSCIOUS-  
NESS RETURNS...

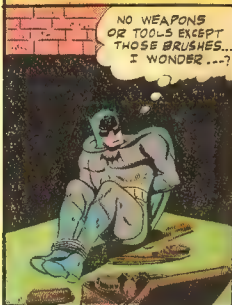
WHERE  
AM I?

IN OUR  
QUEST ROOM,  
NICE AND  
COZY WITH  
ALL YOUR  
PRETTY BRUSHES!

WHILE YOU'RE STARVING BY INCHES, REMEMBER THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU'D HEEDED MY WARNING!

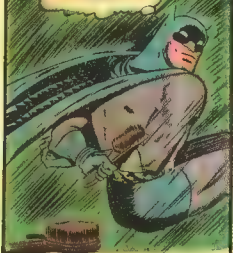


THE LAST BLOCK IS CEMENTED IN PLACE, LEAVING THE PRISONER ENTOMBED IN CLAMMY DARKNESS...



NO WEAPONS OR TOOLS EXCEPT THOSE BRUSHES... I WONDER...?

THIS ONE HAS WIRE BRISTLES... IN TIME I SUPPOSE THEY'D OUT-LAST ROPE FIBERS...



THEN BEGINS A SLOW, AGONIZING STRUGGLE...

WHEW! IF ONLY MY WRIST DOESN'T WEAR OUT BEFORE THE ROPE DOES...



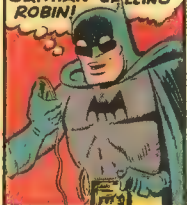
AT LONG LAST, THE BATMAN FREES HIMSELF FROM HIS BONDS... ONLY TO FIND THAT THE MASONRY WALL RESISTS HIS UTMOST STRENGTH!

NO USE... I CAN'T BUDGE IT! LOOKS AS IF I'LL DIE HERE... UNLESS...

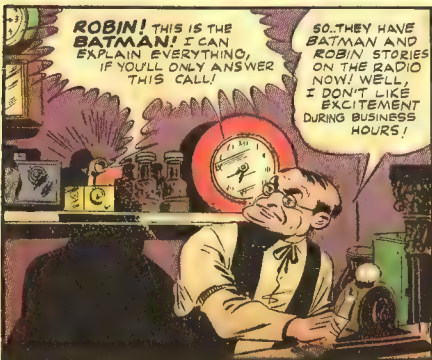


IN A DESPERATE LAST RESORT, HE TURNS TO HIS BELT BUCKLE RADIO.

I HATE TO CALL ROBIN AFTER WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY, BUT MORE LIVES THAN MINE DEPEND ON IT... **BATMAN CALLING ROBIN!**



**ROBIN!** THIS IS THE **BATMAN!** I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING, IF YOU'LL ONLY ANSWER THIS CALL!



SO...THEY HAVE BATMAN AND ROBIN STORIES ON THE RADIO NOW! WELL, I DON'T LIKE EXCITEMENT DURING BUSINESS HOURS!

NOW THINGS WILL BE MORE PEACEFUL!



...I'M IN TROUBLE IN A BASEMENT AT...CLICK!



FAR FROM THE SOUND OF THE TANNED RADIO, THE BATMAN'S LAST HOPE TREADS A WEARY TRAIL OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

NOBODY'LL HIRE ME! IF I HAD THE BATMAN'S RECOMMENDATION... BUT HE DOESN'T GIVE A HOOT ABOUT ME!



DISILLUSIONED AS THE BOY IS, HIS PULSE LEAPS AS HE OVERHEARS A FAMILIAR NAME.

HUH? THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT HIM!

HAW, HAW! I GET A KICK, WHEN I THINK HOW TH' THUMB FIXED TH' BAT-MAN!

HE WON'T MAKE NO MORE TROUBLE, BURIED THAT CELLAR!



OKAY.. START WORKIN'...THE KITCHEN'S THIS WAY!..??

THE BATMAN... DEAD...

OH... NEVER MIND!

WITH HIM DEAD, WE'LL SQUEEZE MILLIONS OUTA THIS TOWN!



GRIEF AND SEARING ANGER BOIL WITHIN DICK'S BREAST AS HE TRAILS THE THUGS, A SMALL BUT DAUNTLESS AVENGER...

HIS FIRST CASE WITHOUT ME TO HELP...AND HE FAILED! I'LL BET THAT OTHER KID LET HIM DOWN!



I'M GLAD I KEPT MY UNIFORM WITH ME... NOW THEY'LL KNOW WHO'S GETTING EVEN WITH THEM!



NO THOUGHT OF PERSONAL DANGER ENTERS THE LOYAL MIND OF ROBIN AS HE ENTERS UPON HIS HAZARDOUS ROLE...

THREE OF THEM-- ALL ARMED! BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER MUCH IF THEY DO KILL ME, NOW THAT HE'S GONE...



THREE "WISE GUYS" GET THE SCARE OF THEIR CROOKED LINES...

I'M HERE TO EVEN THINGS UP FOR THE BATMAN!

HEY... I KILLED YOU MYSELF!

IT'S A GHOST!



BUT BOYISH FURY IS HELPLESS AGAINST THE OVERWHELMING STRENGTH OF CROWN MEN... AND THE BATTLE LASTS ONLY SECONDS...

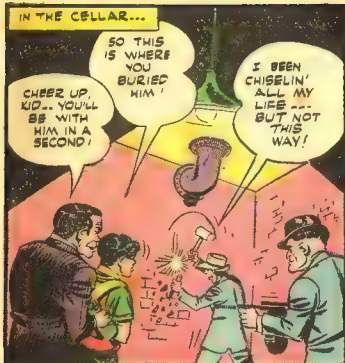
YOU LITTLE WILDCAT-- YOU'VE FOUGHT YOUR LAST FIGHT!

WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT FAIR?

HE'S GOT A PUNCH LIKE A PILE-DRIVER!



IN THE CELLAR...



I'LL HAVE A HOLE BIG ENOUGH TO PUT TH' KID THROUGH IN A JIFFY--AN' THIS TIME HE'LL STAY PUT!



HE'S COMIN' THROUGH! GET HIM, MONK!

I'M GETTIN' HIM!

YOU IDIOT! YOU'RE SHOOTING AT ME!



BATMAN! YOU'RE ALIVE!

THIS IS THE END OF THE MONK!



THANKS, ROBIN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D HAVE DONE IF --

GET THE THUMB! I CAN'T LOOK OUT FOR BOTH OF US!

THUMBS DOWN ON THE BATMAN!



THE WARDEN AT THE STATE PRISON IS GOING TO HAVE A SORE THUMB FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

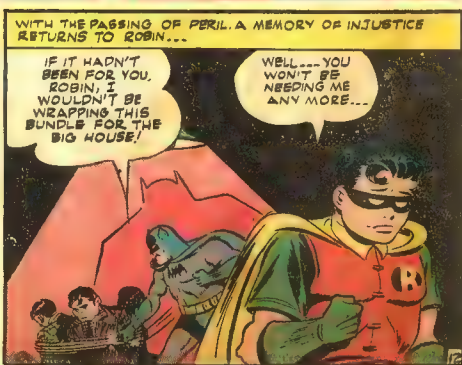
AAAAHHH--N-N-N...



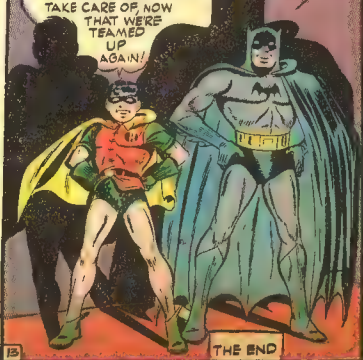
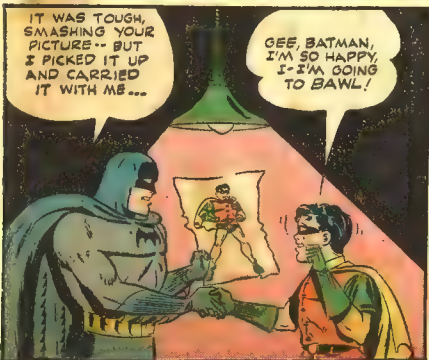
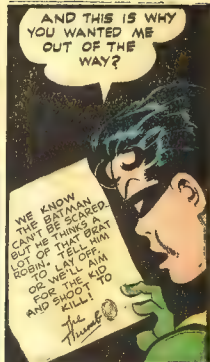
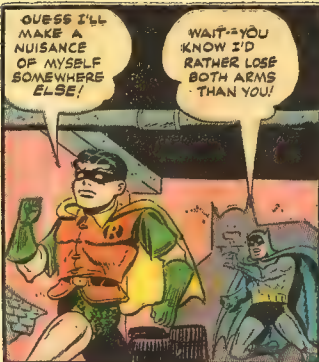
WITH THE PASSING OF PERIL, A MEMORY OF INJUSTICE RETURNS TO ROBIN...


IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, ROBIN, I WOULDN'T BE WRAPPING THIS BUNDLE FOR THE BIG HOUSE!

WELL---YOU WON'T BE NEEDING ME ANY MORE...

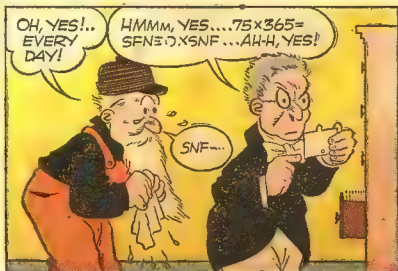
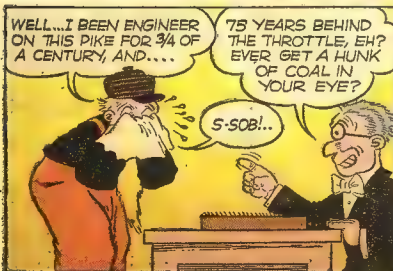
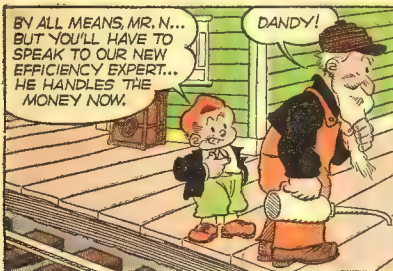
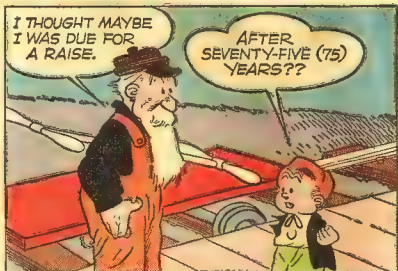
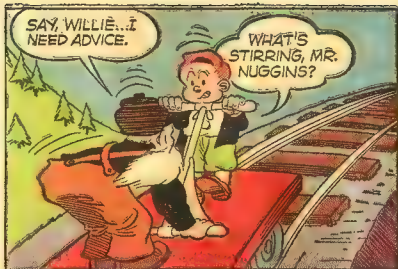
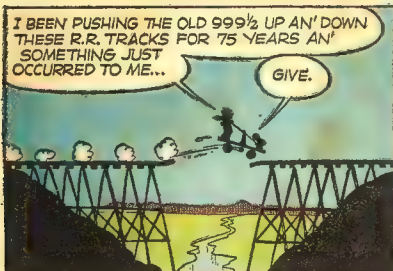




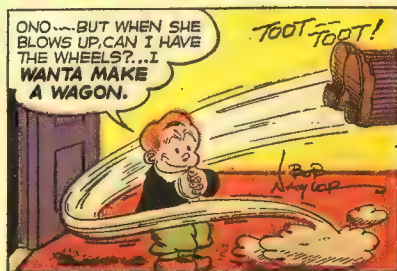
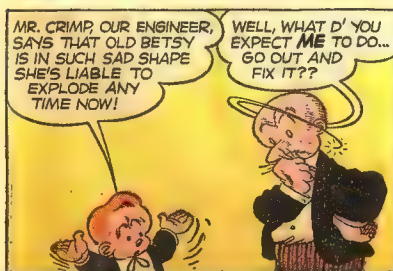
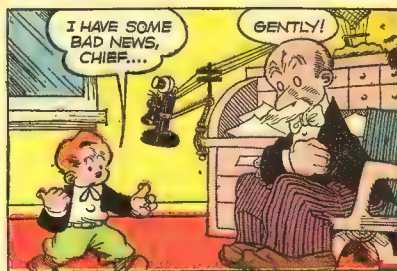
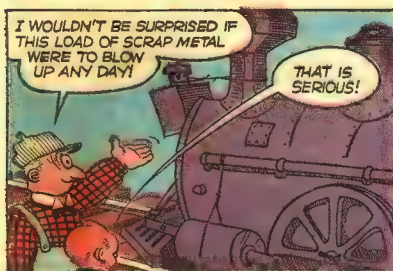
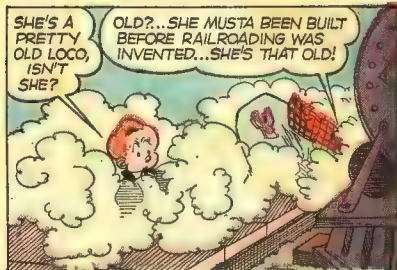
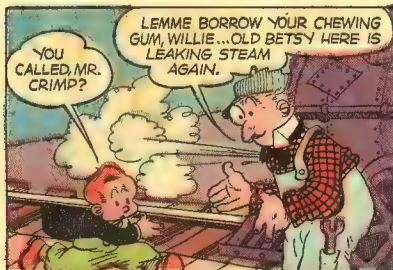
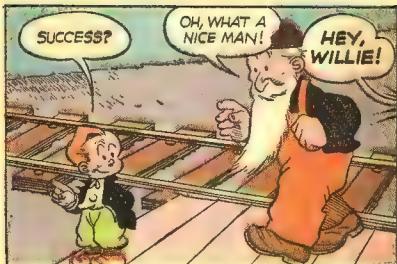
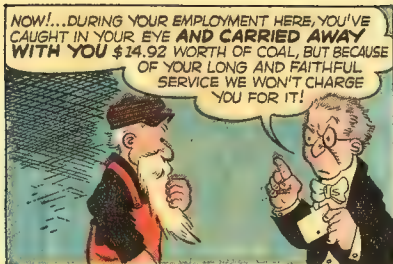




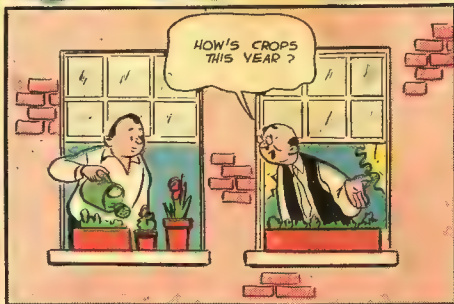
# ROUND-HOUSE Willie







# LAFFS



## DOUBLE TROUBLE FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN!!

**TWO-FACE! MODERN MAN OF MYSTERY!**  
IS HE ONE MAN OR TWO? IS HE GOOD OR IS HE EVIL---OR DOES THE ANSWER LIE IN **HOW** YOU LOOK AT HIM? SOLVE THE RIDDLE FOR YOURSELF IN **OCTOBER DETECTIVE COMICS** --NOW ON SALE!





# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

TIME AND AGAIN, ONE MAN HAS PLAYED THE SAME MOCKING PART ON THIS STAGE OF LIFE... THAT ARCH-FIEND OF LAUGHTER, THAT MASTER CLOWN... THE **JOKER!** NOW, THE CRIME CLOWN STEPS OUT OF HIS ROLE, DONS THE MASK OF TRAGEDY, AND STALKS BEFORE FOOTLIGHTS TO MAKE PEOPLE CRY!... BUT THOSE TWIN SENTINELS OF THE LAW... **BATMAN** AND HIS YOUNG AIDE, **ROBIN**... EVER ALERT TO THE GRIM JESTER'S MADCAP PRANKS... TAKE THEIR CUE AND MAKE THEIR DYNAMIC ENTRANCE FROM THE WINGS IN TIME TO STEAL THE SHOW IN THIS....  
**"COMEDY OF TEARS!"**

by

**BOB  
KANE**



EARLY ONE MORNING, AT THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON.

GOSH, WHAT A NIGHTMARE! I DREAMED I WAS FIGHTING THE JOKER!

YOUR DREAMS MAY SOON COME TRUE, DICK! THE JOKER'S LOOSE AGAIN!



PROPHETIC WORDS! FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE GRIM JESTER IS FLOATING OVER THE NEWEST PRANK BORN OF HIS TWISTED BRAIN!

FOOLS! THEY CALL ME THE JOKER! BUT SOON THEY SHALL SEE ANOTHER SIDE OF ME!



THE NEXT DAY, GOTHAM CITY IS STARTLED BY A SENSATIONAL BARRAGE OF BRAZEN MESSAGES! DOWNTOWN...



WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

MAYBE HE'S REFORMING!

AND IN STILL ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...



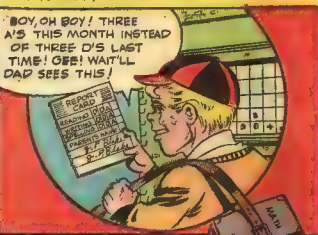
LOOKS LIKE MORE WORK FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN, IF YOU ASK ME!

YOU WERE RIGHT, BRUCE! BUT I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?

Comedy IS BUT THE OTHER FACE OF Tragedy

Comedy IS BUT THE OTHER FACE OF Tragedy

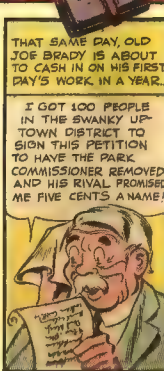
NEXT DAY, LITTLE JOHNNY BLAKE LEAVES SCHOOL WITH A HAPPY GRIN...



BOY, OH BOY! THREE A'S THIS MONTH INSTEAD OF THREE D'S LAST TIME! OEE! WAIT! DAD SEES THIS!



MY FIRST SUCCESS IN MAKING PEOPLE CRY! HA! HA!



THAT SAME DAY, OLD JOE BRADY IS ABOUT TO CASH IN ON HIS FIRST DAY'S WORK IN A YEAR...

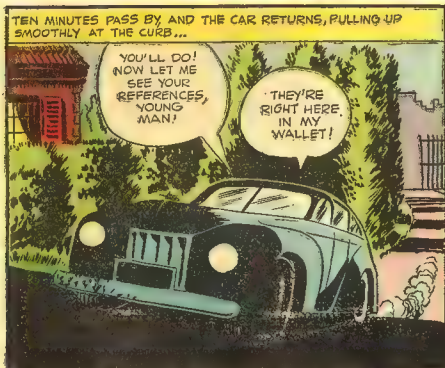
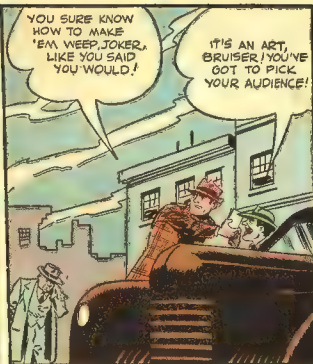


HE WON'T SEE IT--BECAUSE I'M TAKING IT!



BOO-HOO! MY DAD'LL GIVE ME A SPANKING! HE'LL THINK I'M AFRAID TO SHOW MY REPORT CARD TO HIM!





AT THE CRIME CLOWN'S HIDEOUT, BRAVNY HENCHMEN ARE PUZZLED, TOO...

JOKER, THAT WAS SOME RISK, JUST TO MAKE GUYS CRY!

FOOL! THAT'S WHAT I WANT PEOPLE TO THINK... TO COVER UP MY REAL AIM! I REALLY WANTED THAT REPORT CARD. IT HAS J.P. BLAKE'S SIGNATURE ON IT!

THIS PETITION HAS THE SIGNATURES OF WEALTHY, IMPORTANT MEN!... AND THE CHAUFFEUR'S REFERENCES ARE SIGNED BY OUR BEST CITIZENS! NOW DO YOU SEE?

I GET IT! WE'RE GOING TO FORGE CHECKS AND CASH IN, EH?

NO, NOTHING AS RISKY AS THAT! I HAVE OTHER PLANS! LISTEN...

LATER, AT COLOSSAL STUDIOS, WHERE A SELECTED GALA CROWD IS CELEBRATING THE FILMING OF THE FINAL SCENES OF A GREAT EPIC...

OKAY! J.P. BLAKE'S PASS IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

Colossal Studios

IT WORKED, JOKER! THAT FORGED PASS GOT US IN! GOOD THING THEY DIDN'T NOTICE THE TOMMY GUNS UNDER OUR COATS!

LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS FIRST, RAO! THE DRESSING ROOMS OF THE STARS! THEN MEET ME ON THE LOT!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THE JOKER PULLED THOSE JOBS TO OBTAIN SIGNATURES, I TELL YOU!

WHAT CAN WE DO...

A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION...

CHIEF, THE JOKER'S HOLDING UP THE COLOSSAL STUDIO'S CROWD! A GUARD MANAGED TO PHONE US!

SEE HOW IT FITS IN? LITTLE JOHNNY BLAKE'S FATHER IS VICE-PRESIDENT OF COLOSSAL! THEY FORGED HIS SIGNATURE!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

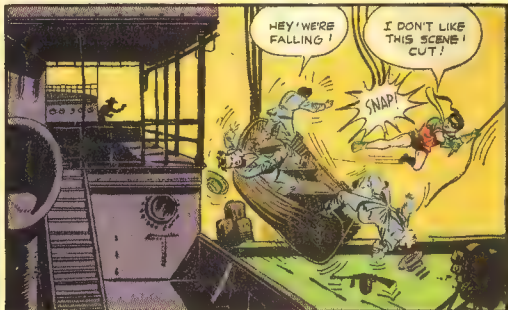


ON A LAVISH MOVIE SET, THE KING OF KNAVES IS DIRECTING HIS OWN CUNNING SCENE!



ABRUPTLY, LIKE A HUMAN PENDULUM, A SMALL CLOAKED FIGURE FLASHES DOWN FROM ABOVE!

TSK, TSK!  
WHAT BAD ACTING!



YOU MEDDLESOME BRAT! I'LL SHOOT YOU, AND I DON'T MEAN WITH A CAMERA!



BUT THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE RECKONS WITHOUT HIS ARCH-NEMESIS!



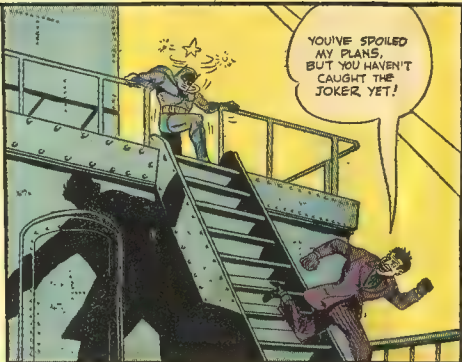
YOU COULD STAND MORE PUNCH IN YOUR SCENES, TOO!



BUT THE CRAFTY  
JOKER STILL HAS  
A TRICK LEFT!

NOTHING  
WRONG WITH  
MY FOOTWORK  
THOUGH,  
BATMAN!

UH!



YOU'VE SPOILED  
MY PLANS,  
BUT YOU HAVEN'T  
CAUGHT THE  
JOKER, YET!

AND ROBIN? HE'S BUSY "STEALING" A SCENE IN  
AN EXPLOSIVE DRAMA AS REAL AS LIFE!

WHAT A  
LOVELY SET  
OF TEETH...  
YOU HAD...

YOU BRAT...  
I'LL FEED  
YOU  
LEAD...

WHAT WERE  
YOU SAYING...?  
I COULDN'T  
HEAR  
YOU!

WOW! WAIT! I'LL  
MY KID SEES THESE  
SHOTS OF THE  
BOY WONDER IN  
ACTION AGAINST  
THE JOKER'S  
MEN!



UP THE WINDING STEPS OF A MAN-MADE  
CLIFF USED FOR MOVIE ACTION SCENES  
RACE CRIME FIGHTER AND CRIMINAL!

HA! HERE'S  
WHERE I PUT  
ONE OVER ON THE  
BATMAN!

AT THE TOP...

ALL RIGHT,  
BATMAN.  
COME AND  
GET ME!

COMING,  
JOKER!





PLUNGING FORWARD TOO SWIFTLY TO STOP HIMSELF, THE BATMAN TRIPS OVER THE SUDDENLY-CROUCHED FORM OF HIS ADVERSARY!



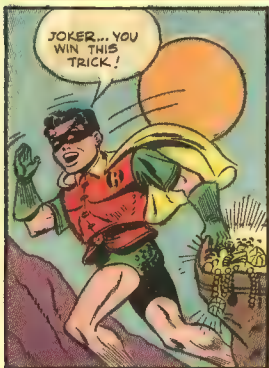
HA/HA! HASTE MAKES WASTE, MY FRIEND! NOW THE JOKER IS ON TOP!

ACTING WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE CRIME CLOWN DELIVERS AN ULTIMATUM!



ROBIN, I'LL TRADE YOU... THE BATMAN'S LIFE FOR THOSE JEWELS! WELL?... THINK FAST! WHAT IS IT TO BE?

GOSH, I'M IN A SPOT! IF HE CUTS THAT ROPE, THE BATMAN WILL BE KILLED! WHAT'LL I DO??



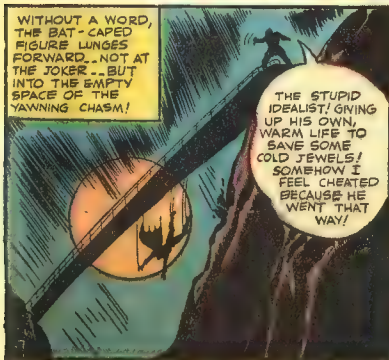
JOKER... YOU WIN THIS TRICK!

ABRUPTLY, THE BATMAN'S STRONG VOICE REECHOES THRU THE DEATHLY SILENCE...



STOP!! ROBIN, THOSE ARE NOT OUR JEWELS TO BARGAIN WITH!

QUIET, FOOL, OR....



WITHOUT A WORD, THE BAT-CAPED FIGURE LUNGES FORWARD... NOT AT THE JOKER... BUT INTO THE EMPTY SPACE OF THE YAWNING CHASM!

THE STUPID IDEALIST, GIVING UP HIS OWN, WARM LIFE TO SAVE SOME COLD JEWELS! SOMEHOW I FEEL CHEATED BECAUSE HE WENT THAT WAY!

AND AS THE JOKER LEAPS AWAY... AN ANXIOUS BOY RACES TO THE RAVING WITH A FEAR-STRANGLED HEART...

HE'S DEAD! I KNOW IT! OH, WHY DID HE DO IT? WHY?



IS THIS THE END OF THE BATMAN? HAS A FOOLHARDY GESTURE WRITTEN FINIS TO THE CAREER OF CRIME'S GREATEST FOE???

A STRANGE SIGHT GREET'S ROBIN'S EYES!

I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THIS SAFETY NET THEY OFTEN USE ON SETS IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS! GUESS I FOOLED THE JOKER, EH?

WHEN! YOU HAD ME FOOLED, TOO!

BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET AFTER HIM!

HE'S GONE BY NOW, AND SO ARE HIS MEN! BUT LOOK AT WHAT ONE OF THOSE MUGGS DROPPED!

PRETTY BOY DUGAN WHO WILL BE ELECTROCUTED AT 11 IS TENIGHT UNLESS THE GOVERNOR OIVES HIM A LAST-MINUTE REPRIEVE!



HMM! THE JOKER MUST BE PLANNING SOME DIRTY WORK AT THE PRISON! ROBIN, THIS LOOKS LIKE OUR BUSY NIGHT!

LATER... A POWERFUL OFFICIAL SEDAN, FILLED WITH STATE TROOPERS, SCREECHES TO A HALT BEFORE THE GRIM WALLS OF STATE PRISON!

I MUST SPEAK TO THE WARDEN... IMMEDIATELY! I'M FROM THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE!

I'LL GET HIM RIGHT AWAY, CAPTAIN!

MOMENTS LATER...

THE GOVERNOR HAS REPRIEVED DUGAN AND WANTS US TO BRING HIM TO HIS OFFICE AT ONCE FOR AN INTERVIEW! HERE ARE HIS ORDERS!

VERY WELL, I'LL PLACE HIM IN YOUR CUSTODY, CAPTAIN!

THE CONDEMNED KILLER SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS OF LEGAL DEATH, THE SEDAN ROARS AWAY!

WAIT! THEY LEARN WE FAKED THE GOVERNOR'S SIGNATURE! HA! HA!

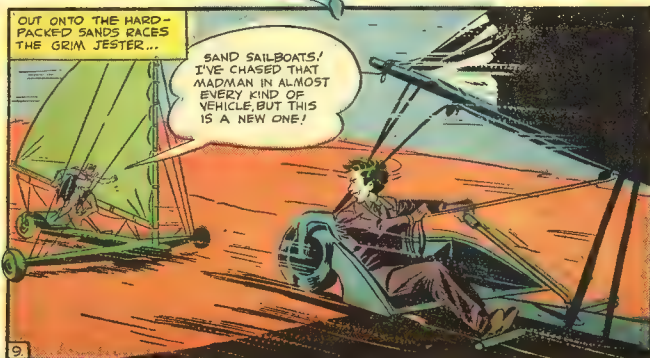
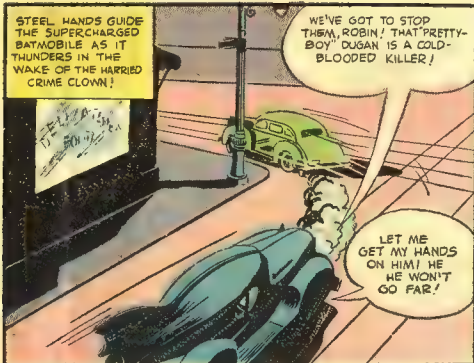
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO PAY YOU THE \$100,000 MY LAWYER PROMISED, JOKER! I'D HAVE BEEN A GONER!

THE GRIM JESTER AND HIS MEN CHANGE BACK TO THEIR CIVILIAN CLOTHES!

HEY, JOKER, LOOK-- THE BATMOBILE!

WHAT! THE BATMAN ALIVE! STEP ON IT, BRUISER!

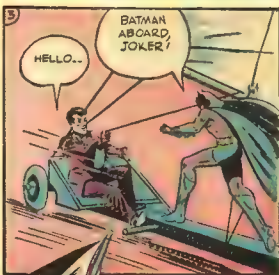
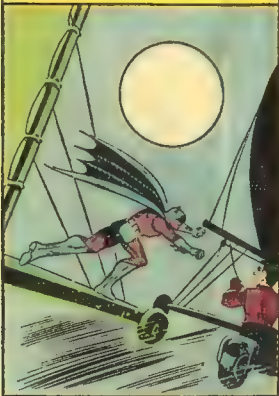




1 FOCKETING ALONG OVER MOONSWEPT SAND TUNED AT A MILE-A-MINUTE CLIP, LAWMAN PURSUES OUTLAW IN A RACE THAT MUST BE WON!



2 MUSCLES COILED LIKE STEEL SPRINGS, THE BATMAN CROUCHES... AND HURTLÉS FORWARD IN A DARING LEAP!



3 BUT THE CRIME-CRUSHERS FINGERS STAB OUT LIKE A STRIKING COBRA'S FANGS, GRIP ROPE REPRIEVE...



4 AND THE TWO ARCH-ENEMIES OF THE CENTURY LOCK IN PERILOUS COMBAT...



5 THE DEADLY BATTLE ENDS ABRUPTLY... AS THE CAREENING BOAT CRASHES INTO A BARRIER OF ROCKS...

6 AND TWO FIGURES CATAPULT SKYWARD IN- TO THE RAGING SEA!



SECONDS TICK BY, AND THEN A HEAD EMERGES FROM THE CHOPPY, WHITE-CAPPED WATERS... THE BATMANS!

WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE! LOOKS LIKE THE JOKER DIDN'T COME UP FOR AIR!

HAS THE MASTER OF MOCKERY FINALLY PLUNGED TO HIS DOOM ON THE JAGGED ROCKS BENEATH THE WAVES? ONLY TIME CAN TELL!

THE NEXT WEEK, THOUGH, THE FATE OF THE JOKER IS EXPLOSIVELY REVEALED!

THE JOKER GOT AWAY! HE JUST PULLED SOME NEW JOBS, GETTING INTO RICH HOMES BY FORGING SERVANTS' REFERENCES!

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT! CAN'T EVEN RELAX!

HOW ARE WE GOING TO GO AFTER HIM NOW? WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO NEXT IN THIS COMEDY OF TEARS!

THEN WE'LL HAVE TO OFFER HIM SOME BAIT! I HAD AN IDEA!

THAT EVENING, THE NEWS-PAPERS...

**CHAMPION AUTOGRAPH HUNTER**  
TOMORROW WILL BE AN ACTIVE DAY FOR YOUNG



AND THE FOLLOWING DAY, A DISGUISED ROBIN ROVES TOWN PURSUING HIS NEW HOBBY, AUTOGRAPH-HUNTING...

GEE, THANKS! JOE DIMAGGIO! HOT DOG!

AT THE DOOR OF A FAMOUS RESTAURANT...

JERRY SIEGEL, THE CREATOR OF SUPERMAN, I ALWAYS WANTED HIS AUTOGRAPH!

AND AT A DEPARTMENT STORE BOOK COUNTER...

BOOKS

WILL YOU SIGN MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK, MR. BIGBY, PLEASE?

CERTAINLY, SON!

OUTSIDE, AMID THE JOSTLING CROWDS, A HAND SNAKES OUT AND...

I'LL TAKE THAT!

HEY-- WHATCHA DOING?

IT WORKED! THE FISH BIT, ALL RIGHT! THERE'S ONLY ONE SIGNATURE IN THAT BOOK THE JOKER CAN REALLY USE -- THE OWNERS OF THE OTHERS ARE ALL GOING OUT OF TOWN!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE HOTEL  
CLAIR...

MR. BIGBY ASKED  
ME TO GET THE  
KEY TO HIS PRIVATE  
SAFE THAT HE  
LEFT WITH YOU!  
HERE'S HIS  
NOTE!

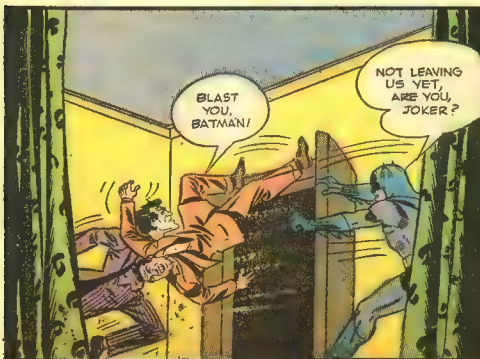
HMM...  
OKAY! IT'S  
IN OUR  
VAULT!  
I'LL GET  
IT IN A  
MINUTE!

UPSTAIRS, AT ARTEMUS BIGBY'S SUITE...

DON'T BE  
ALARMED, MR. BIGBY.  
I JUST WANT TO-  
ER- COLLECT YOUR  
RARE BUTTERFLY  
COLLECTION! I'M SURE  
I CAN SELL IT FOR  
\$100,000, DON'T YOU?

WHAT'S THE  
MEANING  
OF THIS?  
ROBBERS!

HA! THE  
KEY FITS  
AND--





HIS CRONIES SNARED AND CHLOROFORMED BY THE MEERK, BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR, THE CORNERED CLOWN FIGHTS ON ALONE!

TOO LATE!

STOP, OR I'LL PLUNGE THESE SCISSORS INTO ROBIN'S HEAD!



HEE, HEE...

HA/HA! NICE GOING, BIGBY...

HA/HA! THE JOKER STILL HAS AN ACE IN THE HOLE!

LOOK OUT, ROBIN!

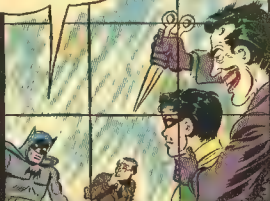


ONCE AGAIN THE JOKER BARGAINS... THIS TIME, ROBIN'S FATE IN THE BALANCE!

MY MEN ARE CAPTURED, MY PLANS BROKEN UP, BUT I'M GOING TO GET SOMETHING OUT OF THIS: I WANT MY FREEDOM AND \$100,000 FROM BIGBY, OR ELSE...

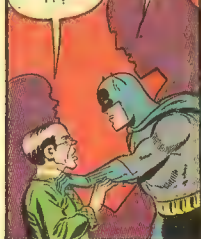
I AGREE, JOKER! I GIVE YOU MY WORD - BIGBY WILL GIVE YOU \$100,000 FOR ROBIN'S RELEASE!

YOUR WORD'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, BATMAN!



WHY SHOULD I GIVE HIM \$100,000, EVEN IF YOU PROMISED IT?

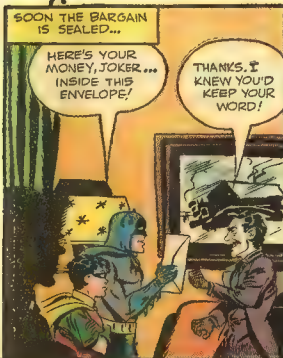
I CAN'T BREAK MY WORD! PAY HIM! LISTEN...



SOON THE BARGAIN IS SEALED...

HERE'S YOUR MONEY, JOKER... INSIDE THIS ENVELOPE!

THANKS, I KNEW YOU'D KEEP YOUR WORD!



LATER, IN A NAZEN HIDE-OUT, THE BRAZEN BUFFOON OF CRIME OPENS THE ENVELOPE AND SEES...



OH, OH! IDIOT THAT I AM! THE BATMAN KEPT HIS WORD - BUT HE HAD BIGBY PAY ME BY CERTIFIED CHECK! BUT I CAN'T CASH IT! IT'S MADE OUT TO THE JOKER - AND IF I WALKED INTO A BANK, I'D BE NABBED!



THE BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE THE LAST LAUGH!

I'D LIKE TO SEE THE JOKER'S FACE WHEN HE REALIZES THE TRUTH! POETIC JUSTICE, ROBIN! HE WANTED TO MAKE OTHERS CRY - IT'S HIS TURN NOW!



THE END - 13

# WE'VE PEPPED 'EM UP.....



EDITORS -- WRITERS -- ARTISTS .... WE ALL GOT TOGETHER AND TRADED IDEAS ... WE STUDIED HUNDREDS OF LETTERS FROM YOU READERS -- AND WE LOADED THESE TWO MAGAZINES WITH **DYNAMITE!** -- JUST THE SORT OF SUPER FEATURES **YOU** GO FOR IN A BIG WAY!

## IN **MORE FUN:**

GREEN ARROW  
JOHNNY QUICK  
AQUAMAN  
DR. FATE  
SPECTRE  
RADIO SQUAD

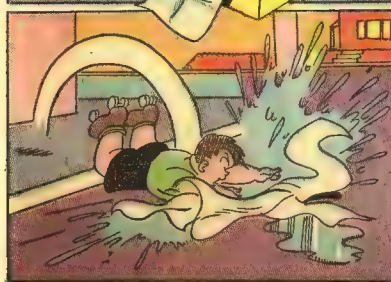
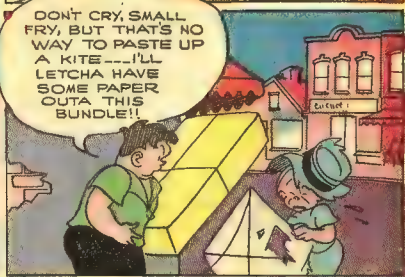
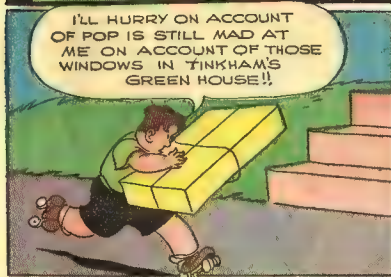
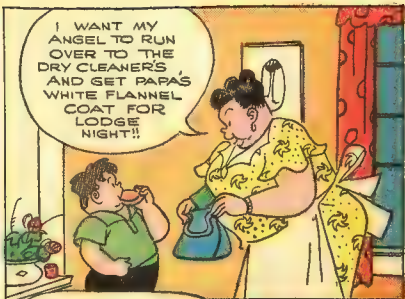
## IN **ADVENTURE:**

SANDMAN  
GENIUS JONES  
STARMAN  
MANHUNTER  
SHINING KNIGHT  
HOURMAN





# TUBBY



# BAT MAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



WHAT'S A STONE?  
JUST A BIT OF COLD ROCK,  
EMOTIONLESS? DEAD, UNEXCITING?  
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!  
WE'LL TELL YOU OF A STONE...  
MANY STORIES... OF STONES THAT  
EXPRESSED HATE, REVENGE, EVIL! DO  
THEY SOUND ALSO ARE STONES?  
AND HERE ALSO ARE STONES THAT  
MEANT NEW LIFE, NARROW ESCAPES  
FROM IMPENDING DOOM! CERTAINLY  
THESE ARE NOT DEAD STONES!  
AND AGAIN IN THIS TALE ARE  
PERILOUS ACTION, A TENSE MANHUNT,  
DOES THAT SEEM UNEXCITING TO YOU?  
THEN READ ON, LEARN HOW FATE  
CAST THE FIRST STONE  
AND BROUGHT A MAN'S LIFE  
"THE STORY OF THE  
SEVENTEEN  
STONES!"

THE GOTHAM CITY PRISON YARD....

ROCKY GRIMES'S  
TWENTY YEAR  
STRETCH IS UP  
TOMORROW!

YEAH... THE GUY IS AS  
CRACKED AS THEM  
STONES HE HAMMERS!  
IMAGINE HIM PUTTIN'  
ON AN INNOCENCE ACT  
ALL THE TIME!



BOB  
KANE



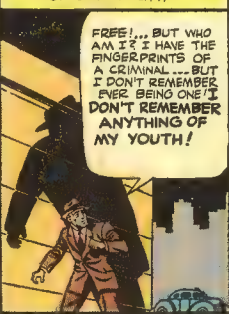
THE NEXT DAY ROCKY OSTS HIS RELEASE!

WARDEN, YOU STILL DON'T BELIEVE MY STORY THAT I'M NOT ROCKY GRIMES, THE GANGSTER!

I'VE HEARD YOU SAY THAT FOR TWENTY YEARS NOW! I KNOW YOU'RE ROCKY/ FINGERPRINTS DON'T LIE! YOU'VE SERVED YOUR TIME! FORGET THE YARN!



SO A BEWILDERED MAN WALKS FROM BEHIND STONE PRISON WALLS TO THE STONE PAVEMENTS OF GOTHAM CITY!



FREE!... BUT WHO AM I? I HAVE THE FINGERPRINTS OF A CRIMINAL... BUT I DON'T REMEMBER EVER BEING ONE! I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING OF MY YOUTH!

ABRUPTLY, A CAR TIRE PASSES OVER THE END OF A LOOSE COBBLESTONE... AND FLIPS IT STRAIGHT AT THE MAN'S TEMPLE!



LATER... WHEN THE BLACK CURTAIN OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS LIFTS....

OH... MY HEAD!... LEFTY SLADE... HE SLUGGED ME... I... WHAT HAPPENED TO MY HAIR?... AN' MY FACE WRINKLED ---OLD!



MY HEAD...SO DIZZY...BUT I REMEMBER NOW... REMEMBER! ME AND MY MOB... WE WERE HOLDING UP A BANK... I SHOT A GUARD....



IN HIS MIND'S EYE, THE MAN GOES BACK... BACK TO A HOLDUP OF TWENTY YEARS AGO!!



COPPER! C'MON!

LATER...IN THE HIDEOUT...

CHUMP! YOU HADDA GET SMART AN' BLAB YOUR NAME!

NOW EVERY COP IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE AFTER YOU!

YOU MEAN AFTER US! WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER. SQUEAL ON ME AND I'LL SQUEAL ON YOU GUYS!

TOO LATE, ROCKY TRIES TO DUCK... AS A HURLED STONE HITS HIS TEMPLE!

YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT!

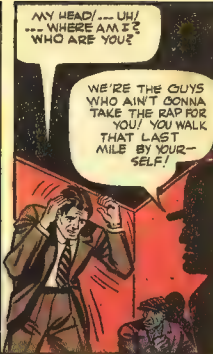




ROCKY'S RIGHT!  
WE'RE ACCESSORIES  
BEFORE THE FACT  
IN THAT GUARD  
KILLIN'! THAT  
MEANS WE'RE  
ALL LIABLE  
TO GO TO THE  
CHAIR!

WHY  
SHOULD  
WE BURN  
FOR  
SOMETHING  
ROCKY  
DID?

OHNN..



MY HEAD!... UH!  
--- WHERE AM I?  
WHO ARE YOU?

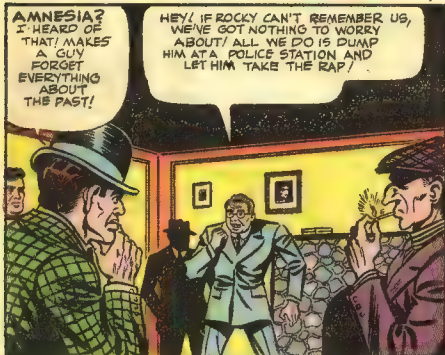
WE'RE THE GUYS  
WHO AIN'T GONNA  
TAKE THE RAP FOR  
YOU! YOU WALK  
THAT LAST  
MILE BY YOUR-  
SELF!



RAP? LAST MILE?  
DON'T UNDERSTAND!  
MIND'S A BLANK!  
DON'T EVEN KNOW  
MY NAME!...  
CAN'T REMEMBER  
ANYTHING!

STALLIN',  
EH?...

WAIT! ROCKY  
MUST HAVE  
AMNESIA...  
BROUGHT  
ON BY THAT  
STONE THAT  
HIT HIS  
HEAD!



AMNESIA?  
I' HEARD OF  
THAT! MAKES  
A GUY  
FORGET  
EVERYTHING  
ABOUT  
THE PAST!

HEY! IF ROCKY CAN'T REMEMBER US,  
WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY  
ABOUT! ALL WE DO IS DUMP  
HIM AT A POLICE STATION AND  
LET HIM TAKE THE RAP!

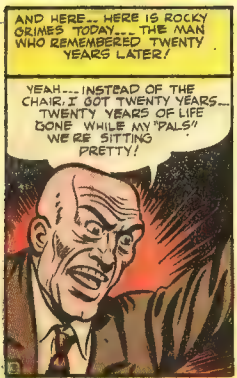


AND SO THIS MAN WITH A PERPLEXED, VAGUE  
MIND IS BROUGHT TO THE LAW!

YOU SAY I'M ROCKY  
GRIMES... A GANGSTER!  
BUT IT CAN'T BE!... I  
WOULD REMEMBER  
BEING ONE!... BUT  
I CAN'T/I CAN'T!

THAT'S  
THE MAN  
WHO  
SHOT  
MY  
FRIEND!

AND THESE  
FINGERPRINTS  
CLINCH IT!  
YOU'RE  
ROCKY  
GRIMES!

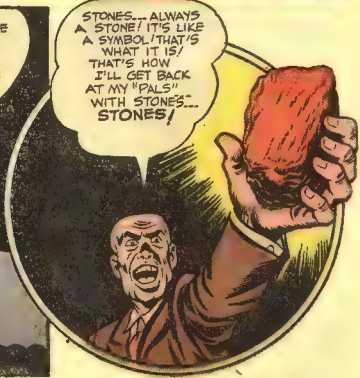


AND HERE... HERE IS ROCKY  
GRIMES TODAY... THE MAN  
WHO REMEMBERED TWENTY  
YEARS LATER!

YEAH... INSTEAD OF THE  
CHAIR, I GOT TWENTY YEARS...  
TWENTY YEARS OF LIFE  
DONE WHILE MY 'PALS'  
WE'RE SITTING  
PRETTY!



IT TOOK A STONE TO TAKE  
MY MEMORY AWAY FROM ME  
--- AND ANOTHER STONE.  
TO BRING IT BACK!  
STONES...  
TWENTY YEARS POUNDING  
STONES!



STONES... ALWAYS  
A STONE! IT'S LIKE  
A SYMBOL! THAT'S  
WHAT IT IS!  
THAT'S HOW  
I'LL GET BACK  
AT MY "PALS"  
WITH STONES...  
STONES!



ROCKY BEGINS A CAMPAIGN  
OF VENGEANCE BY TRACKING  
DOWN HIS ONE-TIME  
MOB... AND  
A WEEK  
LATER----

FIRST ON THE LIST IS  
LEFTY SLADE! HE'S A  
BIG-TIME CROOK NOW! A  
CROOK WOULD  
LIKE A KEY INTO  
PLACES... SO HE GETS  
A KEYSTONE! HA/HA!  
THAT'S GOOD! A  
KEYSTONE!



NEXT DAY,  
AN OLDER,  
MORE EVIL  
LEFTY SLADE  
WAITS UNDER  
AN OLD-  
FASHIONED  
TENEMENT  
ARCHWAY!



WONDER WHO  
CALLED ME  
TO WAIT HERE  
FOR A TIP ABOUT  
AN EASY JOB?

HIGH ABOVE, A WIRE JERKS  
HARD AT THE ALREADY  
WEAKENED KEYSTONE AND..  
CRUSHING DOOM!



THAT NIGHT...AN EVIL  
LAUGH TWISTS  
ROCKY'S LIPS!

NEXT IS "FIN" GONZY!  
HE'S A LOAN SHARK  
NOW! PEOPLE ARE  
ALWAYS ON  
HIS HEAD FOR A  
TOUCH! I'LL  
GIVE HIM A  
TOUCH, TOO...A  
TOUCHSTONE!



THE FOLLOWING DAY... A DISGUISED  
ROCKY VISITS "FIN" GONZY, THE  
LOAN SHARK!

I'D LIKE  
TO HAVE  
A FEW  
BUCKS ON  
THAT GOLD  
WATCH!

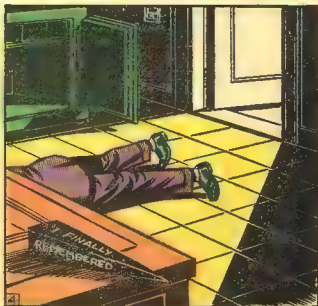
I'LL HAVE TO TEST  
IT! THIS IS BASANTIE  
...WHAT WE CALL A  
TOUCHSTONE! THE  
MARK IT LEAVES ON  
YOUR WATCH  
WILL TELL  
ME WHETHER  
IT'S PURE  
GOLD  
OR NOT!



SUDDENLY ROCKY  
SHUCKS HIS DISGUISE,  
SEIZES THE  
TOUCHSTONE...



KNOW WHO I AM?  
ROCKY...YOUR OLD  
PAL, ROCKY!...  
AND, BROTHER,  
WHEN I GET  
THROUGH TOUCHING  
YOU, YOU'LL HAVE  
TO PAY...  
WITH YOUR LIFE!



BRUCE, WHAT'S YOUR  
OPINION ON THESE  
"I FINALLY REMEMBERED"  
MURDERS? REVENGE  
MOTIVE?

THE NEXT  
DAY... THE  
HOME OF  
BRUCE  
WAYNE  
AND DICK  
GRAYSON...  
IN REALITY  
THAT CRIME-  
BUSTING  
TEAM OF  
WORLD  
FAME...  
**BATMAN  
AND  
ROBIN!!**

CAN'T WORK ON  
IT NOW! WE HAVE  
A DATE WITH  
THE MAYOR  
TO LAY THE  
CORNERSTONE OF  
THAT NEW ORPHANAGE  
MASON IS TO  
BUILD!

LATER... AT THE BUILDING SITE...

YOU KNOW  
MASON, THE  
ARCHITECT?

HELLO,  
MASON!

HELLO, BATMAN!  
(WHAT A STRONG  
FACE HE HAS!  
I'M GLAD I  
WENT STRAIGHT!  
I WOULDN'T  
WANT HIM  
AFTER ME!)

THERE'S  
THE  
CORNERSTONE  
THAT IS TO  
SERVE AS  
THE FIRST  
STEP IN  
BUILDING THE  
NEW  
ORPHANAGE!

WITHOUT WARNING, THE CABLE HOLDING  
THE HUGE CORNERSTONE GOES SLACK!

MASON!  
LOOK  
OUT!

**CRASH!**

OH, MAN!  
THAT WAS  
CLOSE!

HE'S TRYING TO  
ESCAPE! C'MON,  
ROBIN... WE'RE  
WORKING ON  
THAT CASE  
NOW!

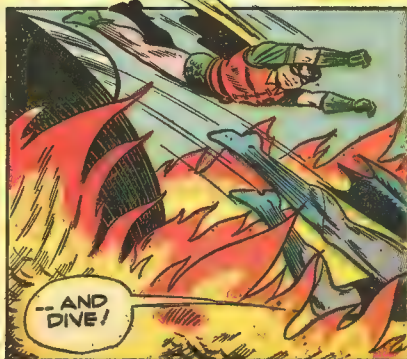
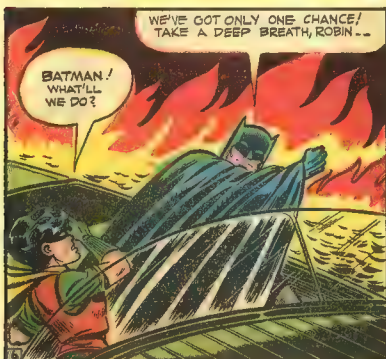
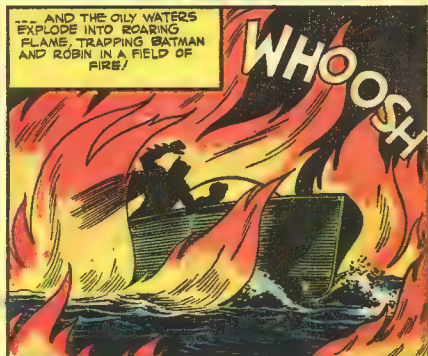
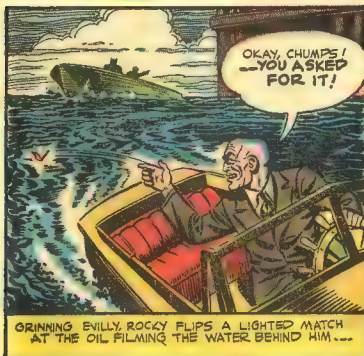
HOT  
DOG!

WRITING ON THE CORNERSTONE'S SURFACE CATCHES  
THE BATMAN'S EYE!

"I FINALLY REMEM... THE  
STONE MURDERS!  
THAT MAN WORKING THE  
CRANE TRIED TO  
KILL MASON!!

I FINALLY  
REMEMBERED





SWIMMING DEEP  
UNDER THE WATERY  
INFERNO, BATMAN  
AND ROBIN SEARCH  
FOR THE END OF THE  
DANGER ZONE!

HOPE THE  
BREAK ISN'T  
TOO FAR...

I CAN'T  
HOLD MY  
BREATH MUCH  
LONGER...

PRESENTLY TWO HEADS POKE UP INTO FRESH  
AIR...BEYOND THE BLAZING OIL!

AH!... FRESH  
AIR!...UH...UH...  
SEE ANYTHING  
OF THE BABY  
WE WERE  
CHASING?

NOT A SIGN!  
HE SURE PULLED  
A FAST  
ONE ON  
US!

THAT NIGHT... IN HIS  
ROOM, ROCKY PONDER'S...

AND AT THAT MOMENT, BATMAN BEARS  
OUT ROCKY'S THOUGHTS!

A CORNERSTONE  
FOR AN ARCHITECT!  
WOULDN'T WORKED,  
TOO, IF NOT FOR  
THE BATMAN!  
HE'S ONE SMART  
GUY... SMART  
ENOUGH TO PUT  
THINGS TOGETHER!  
HMMMM!

ROBIN, THERE'S ONE  
LINK THAT TIES THIS  
CASE TOGETHER!  
**STONES! STONES!**  
NEARLY KILLED ONE  
MAN... CAUSED THE  
DEATH OF TWO  
OTHER CRIMINALS!

THEN LET'S  
LOOK UP  
THE RECORDS  
OF THOSE  
CRIMINALS,  
FIND OUT WHAT  
THESE MEN  
HAD IN  
COMMON...  
AND PRESTO!  
WE'LL HAVE  
OUR MURDERER!

LATER... POLICE HEADQUARTERS ---

HELLO,  
GORDON!  
SAY, IS  
SOMETHING  
WRONG?

PLENTY! SOME MASKED  
MAN WALKED IN HERE,  
THREATENED US WITH A  
TOMMY GUN, TOOK SOME  
CARDS FROM THE  
CRIMINAL FILE AND  
**BURNED THEM!**

THERE'S  
THE  
REMAINS  
OF THE  
CARDS!

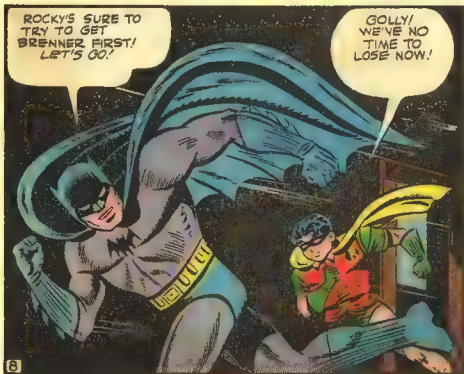
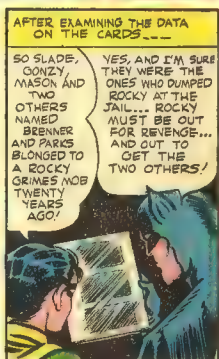
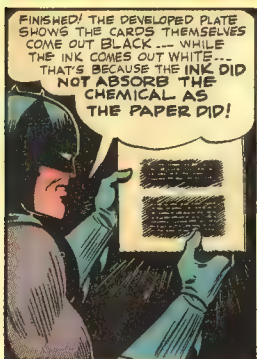
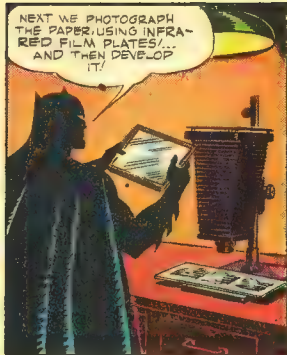
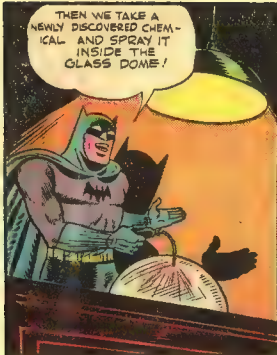
GODON, I'VE A  
HUNCH ABOUT  
THAT MASKED  
MAN! I'M GOING  
TO USE YOUR  
LABORATORY  
AND FIND OUT  
WHAT WAS  
ON THOSE  
CARDS!

BUT... BUT THOSE  
CARDS ARE  
BURNED... CHARRED!  
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE  
TO READ  
WHAT WAS  
ON THEM!

THAT'S WHAT  
YOU THINK!  
STICK AROUND  
AND KEEP  
YOUR EYES  
OPEN! YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
LEARN  
SOMETHING!

FIRST WE PLACE  
THE CHARRED  
CARDS ON A FLAT  
PLATE OF GLASS...  
AND OVER THIS  
WE PLACE  
A GLASS  
DOME WITH A  
SMALL OPENING  
AT THE TOP...





"NO TIME TO LOSE" IS CORRECT...FOR ONLY AN HOUR BEFORE

HERE'S YOUR HELIOTROPE GEM, SIR... JUST AS YOU ORDERED IT YESTERDAY! BUT I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW WHY YOU HAD ME CUT THE JEWEL INTO THE SHAPE OF A BULLET!

OH, IT'S JUST A GAG I'M PLAYING ON A FRIEND!

LATER, AT HIS HOME, ROCKY SCRATCHES THE SEMI-PRECIOUS DIAMOND WITH AN ENGRAVER'S TOOL---

HAI HA! MUSTN'T FORGET TO WRITE "I FINALLY REMEMBERED ON IT!"

SO BRENNER'S A DIAMOND-CUTTER, EH... A DIAMOND IS A STONE... I'LL GET HIM WITH A STONE THAT WILL SPILL HIS BLOOD... THIS HELIOTROPE... OR, AS IT IS COMMONLY CALLED... THE BLOODSTONE!

THE HOUSE OF JEWELS EXHIBIT... LYNX-EYED GUARDS WATCH THE AWE-STROCK SPECTATORS VIEWING THE GREATEST COLLECTION OF GEMS TO BE GATHERED UNDER ONE ROOF!

BUT THE GREAT EVENT COMES WHEN THE FABULOUS ONKERS DIAMOND, WEIGHING 100 CARATS, IS ABOUT TO BE CLEAVED! A HUSH BLANKETS THE AUDIENCE!

...AND IF THE DIAMOND IS NOT CLEANLY SPLIT, IT MAY LOSE MOST OF ITS ORIGINAL VALUE... SO LET'S HAVE ABSOLUTE SILENCE, PLEASE! THIS IS A TICKLISH JOB!

OOOOH! HOW LOVELY! A RAINBOW OF JEWELS!

AND AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW IS A POT OF GOLD... GOLDEN TOPAZES!

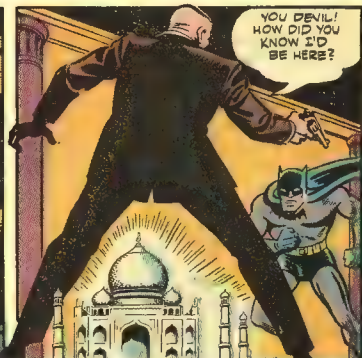
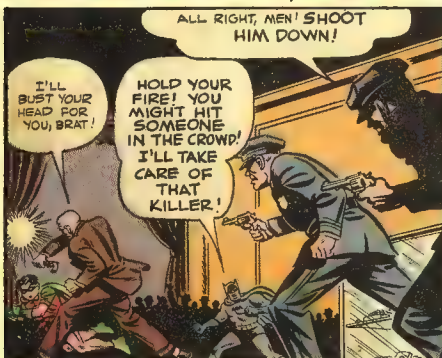
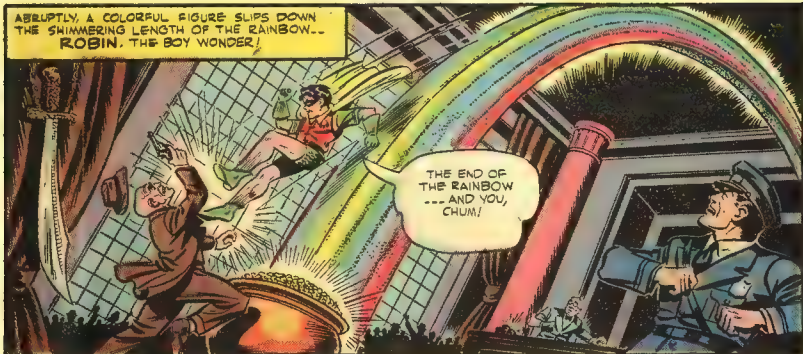
LOOK! A MINIATURE TAT MAHAL! AND THE WALLS INSIDE ARE INLAID WITH PRECIOUS GEMS!

AS BRENNER'S HAND RAISES, POISED FOR THE STROKE THAT MEANS THE LIFE OR DEATH OF A DIAMOND, ANOTHER HAND IS RAISED, POISED FOR THE STROKE THAT MEANS LIFE OR DEATH... FOR BRENNER!

OKAY, PAL... IT'S THE BLOODSTONE FOR YOU!



ABRUPTLY, A COLORFUL FIGURE SLIPS DOWN  
THE SHIMMERING LENGTH OF THE RAINBOW...  
ROBIN. THE BOY WONDER!



A WATERFALL OF PRECIOUS STONES CASCADES DOWN ON THE STAMPEDING AUDIENCE!



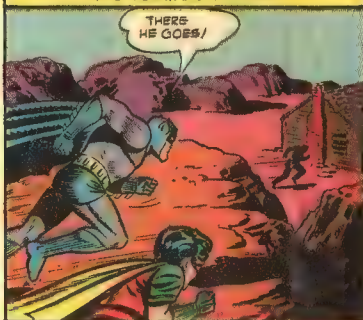
OH, BOY! SOUVENIRS!

NEVER MIND GRIMES! STOP THOSE PEOPLE! THERE'S A FORTUNE IN GEMS ON THE FLOOR!

HA! HA! PRECIOUS STONES...THEY'RE HELPING ME MAKE A GETAWAY!

WHEE!

BUT... HOT ON ROCKY'S TWISTING TAIL ARE TWO HUMAN BLOODHOUNDS...



THERE HE GOES!

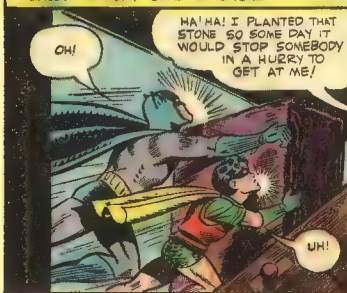
AND THE CHASE ENDS... AT AN ABANDONED OLD STONE QUARRY!



HE RAN INSIDE THAT SHACK! HE'S LOCKING THE DOOR!

THEN WE'LL SMASH THE DOOR IN! C'MON!

TWO SLAMMING BODIES TEAR THROUGH THE DOOR... TO CRASH HEAVILY AGAINST A CLEVERLY PLACED UPRIGHT SLAB OF STONE!



OH!

HA! HA! I PLANTED THAT STONE SO SOME DAY IT WOULD STOP SOMEBODY IN A HURRY TO GET AT ME!

UH!

WORKING SWIFTLY, ROCKY BINDS ROBIN, LEAVING HIS FEET FREE!



NOW THAT I'VE LASHED THIS STONE TO YOUR WAIST, YOU'RE ALL SET! HA!



THAT STONE WON'T CARRY YOU TO THE BOTTOM...SO YOU'LL TRY TO KEEP ALIVE BY TREADING WATER... BUT SOMETIME SOON YOU'RE GOING TO GET TIRED! HA! HA! GET THE IDEA? HA! HA!

THEN... DOWN INTO THE WATER-FLOODED QUARRY, ROCKY HURLS ROBIN'S STONE-WEIGHTED BODY!

INSIDE THE SHACK, BATMAN AWAKENS TO FIND ROCKY SETTING FIRE TO MOUNDS OF SULPHUR!



I GET IT! I'M TO DIE BY BREATHING THE SULPHUR FUMES!

YEAH, PAL! AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL BURNING SULPHUR? BRIMSTONE! I'M TAKING CARE OF YOU AND THE KID BOTH WITH STONES! HA! HA! SO LONG, CHUMP!



(COUGH-COUGH) STUFF'S  
GETTING THICK! (COUGH-COUGH)  
GOT TO THINK! (COUGH) THAT  
OLD GRINDSTONE ONCE USED  
TO SHARPEN TOOLS...  
MAYBE...

STRAINING HIS LEGS BATMAN HOOKS  
A FOOT ON THE GRINDSTONE'S BASE  
AND DRAGS IT NEAR... INCH BY  
INCH... UNTIL...

THAT'S IT! (COUGH-COUGH)  
EVERYTHING LOOKS  
BLURRED... GETTING  
WEAK... (COUGH-COUGH)  
GOT TO WORK FAST TO  
SAVE MYSELF AND  
ROBIN...

A WHIR... A  
HARSH BUZZ...  
AND THE  
GRINDSTONE'S  
ROUGH EDGE  
SAWS AGAINST  
THE TAUT ROPES!

AND SO BATMAN C-EATS  
BRIMSTONE DOOM  
WITH ANOTHER STONE...  
A GRINDSTONE!

CAN'T KEEP THIS UP  
MUCH LONGER (PANT-PANT)  
WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TO BATMAN? (PANT-PANT)

MEANWHILE...  
ROBIN'S  
CHURNING  
LEGS KEEP  
HIM  
FROM  
DROWNING  
DEATH... BUT  
THE PLUCKY  
LAD IS  
GROWING  
WEAK!

SUDDENLY A HISSING ROPE  
COILS ABOUT THE  
LAD'S MIDDLE!

BATMAN!

ROBIN, MY  
ARMS ARE TOO  
NUMB FROM  
BEING BOUND  
TO LIFT YOU  
ALL THE WAY...  
I'M GOING  
TO TRY  
SOMETHING...

LASHING THE  
FREE END OF  
THE ROPE ABOUT  
A HEAVY  
BOULDER,  
BATMAN  
PUSHES IT  
OVER THE  
EDGE!

THE HEAVY  
STONE DROPS  
AND ROBIN'S  
LIGHTER  
BODY IS  
JERKED  
OUT OF  
THE WATER  
TO  
ASCEND  
TO SAFETY!

WOW!  
ELEVATOR...  
GOING  
UP!

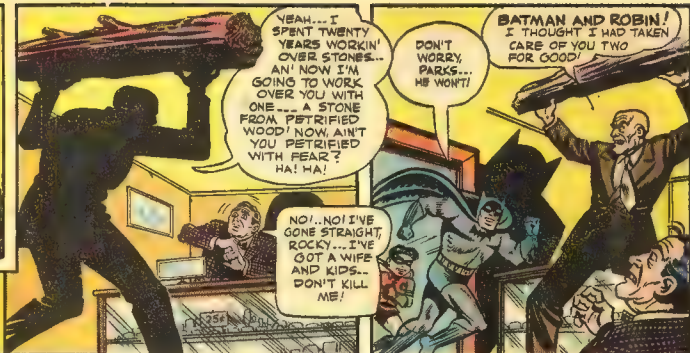
A MOMENT LATER...

THAT WAS FAST  
THINKING! IT TOOK  
A STONE TO SAVE  
ME FROM DROWNING!  
BY ANOTHER STONE!  
WHAT NEXT?

NEXT WE  
GO TO THE  
PETRIFIED  
FOREST! NO  
DOUBT ROCKY'S  
GONE THERE  
TO GET PARKS,  
THE LAST OF  
HIS OLD MOB!  
C'MON, ROBIN...  
WE'RE  
TRAVELING!

THE  
PETRIFIED  
FOREST...  
WHERE  
FALLEN TREES  
HAVE BEEN  
PETRIFIED--  
BY NATURE  
TURNED TO  
STONE!

IN HIS  
CONCESSION.  
PARKS HAS  
A SNARLING  
VISITOR...



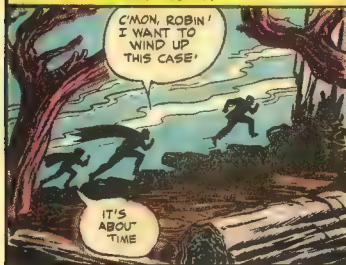
YEAH... I  
SPENT TWENTY  
YEARS WORKIN'  
OVER STONES...  
AN' NOW I'M  
GOING TO WORK  
OVER YOU WITH  
ONE... A STONE  
FROM PETRIFIED  
WOOD! NOW, AIN'T  
YOU PETRIFIED  
WITH FEAR?  
HA! HA!

DON'T  
WORRY,  
PARKS...  
HE WON'T!

BATMAN AND ROBIN!  
I THOUGHT I HAD TAKEN  
CARE OF YOU TWO  
FOR GOOD!

NO!... NO! I'VE  
GONE STRAIGHT,  
ROCKY... I'VE  
GOT A WIFE  
AND KIDS...  
DON'T KILL  
ME!

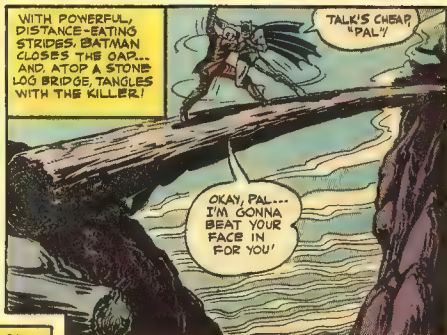
A SUDDEN, SURPRISING LEAD CARRIES ROCKY  
THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW AND INTO THE  
FOREST ITSELF!



C'MON, ROBIN!  
I WANT TO  
WIND UP  
THIS CASE!

IT'S  
ABOUT  
TIME

WITH POWERFUL,  
DISTANCE-EATING  
STRIDES, BATMAN  
CLOSES THE GAP...  
AND, ATOP A STONE  
LOG BRIDGE, TANGLES  
WITH THE KILLER!



TALK'S CHEAP  
"PAL!"

OKAY, PAL...  
I'M GONNA  
BEAT YOUR  
FACE IN  
FOR YOU!

SUDDENLY  
THE SKIES  
DARKEN  
-- AND  
DOWN POURS  
THAT  
PHENOMENON  
OF  
NATURE...  
HAILSTONES!

AND SO IN THIS WEIRD FOREST OF  
STONE AS HAILSTONES PELT DOWN,  
BATMAN LOCKS, IN A LIFE AND DEATH  
STRUGGLE WITH ROCKY! GRIMES



HA! THAT  
ONE HURT  
NOW... THIS  
IS WHERE  
YOU GET  
YOURS

BUT AS EAGER ROCKY  
CHARGES, HE SLIDES  
AND SLIPS ON THE  
HAILSTONES UNDER-  
FOOT... AND...



YAAAA-AA!

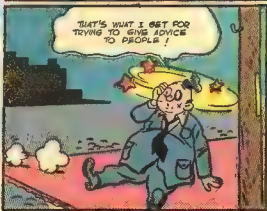
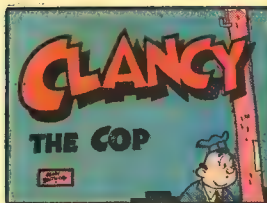
ONCE AGAIN,  
STONES...  
HAILSTONES...  
HAVE DECIDED  
ROCKY'S  
FATE!

AND SO, AS IT  
MUST TO ALL MEN,  
DEATH COMES TO  
ROCKY GRIMES--  
HE LIVED BY  
STONES... AND  
DIED BY STONES...



--- AND  
FINALLY  
ENDED UP  
BENEATH ONE...  
A  
TOMBSTONE!





## WHAT CAUSES EPILEPSY?

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ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE!

# SACRIFICE

by Eric Carter

**I**N THE tiny apartment, the short, thin man puffed nervously on his cigar. Before him on the table was a pot of black coffee and a portable typewriter. A sheaf of white paper was placed neatly alongside the typewriter. Deep in thought, the man studied a clean sheet of paper protruding from the machine. He was thinking about Little Aussie and how he was going to get it.

\* \* \*

The man was a reporter, a star reporter, and he had made quite a name for himself covering crime news. There wasn't much that went on over the other side of the law that he didn't know about. He would have made a wonderful detective.

But detectives could never have had his contacts. Criminals, as a rule, fight shy of the law. The third degree was made for them, and they knew it.

Yellow, a hardened criminal frequently has to have the truth beaten out of him before he'll talk. But, paradoxically, the underworld has formed an attachment for the gentlemen of the press. That's why information that sometimes the police can't get turns up in the newspapers. A gangster liked a reporter and gave him a tip.

\* \* \*

Such a tip had come Lane Thomas' way. A minor underworld character had brought it in only a few hours ago. A newspaperman, he knew, would be glad to get and even pay

for, anything on Little Aussie.

Oh, you remember Little Aussie now? He was the mobster who waxed rich during Prohibition and then suddenly faded from sight. Even his mob didn't know what had happened to him, although they knew he was alive. Their share of the proceeds had been sent to them. In cold cash.

But that hadn't pleased Marco Evans, Little Aussie's former lieutenant. He had sworn that somehow, someday, he'd get Little Aussie. And he was the kind of mobster who'd keep his promise when the time arrived.

\* \* \*

Which it had. Now. The stool pigeon had brought the news to Lane Thomas, who had just authorized a big bonus for it. Little Aussie had been found—he was in town attending a Merchants' Convention!

"No wonder the mob could never find him," the stoolie had marveled. "He's gone and went respectable some place in the wheat section. Think of it!"

\* \* \*

Lane Thomas was thinking of it now. He had always been of the opinion that when a man wanted to go straight, he should be given a chance. He had known all along the whereabouts of Little Aussie, watched anxiously as the man rehabilitated himself, first buying a small store and then branching out. He had even seen Little Aussie send in back income taxes. As a matter of fact, when

you got down to it, Little Aussie was trying pretty hard to pay his debt to society.

\* \* \*

Yes, Little Aussie had put new wine into a new bottle. Maybe Mary had something to do with it, too. She had been teaching school when Little Aussie met her. And now she was the mother of two charming children and the town respected her as the wife of one of its most prominent citizens.

Lane Thomas put down the coffee he had been sipping, and made a wry face. Funny, but Little Aussie had become just the sort of man Lane Thomas had once wanted to be. Small-town, with everything honorable that connotes. It couldn't be now, though. Not with what the Doc had told him last week.

\* \* \*

Lane Thomas shook his head, as though to drive out a thought. Arizona wouldn't help; his lungs were far too gone for that. A man doesn't spend years in smoke-infested dives, out in all kinds of weather, neglect to take care of himself, and hope to be healthy. They just don't come that way.

Lately, he had been feeling even more tired.

\* \* \*

And now this had had to happen, one of the biggest stories of his career. He had the inside track on a murder about to happen, and, for the first time he was going to let his paper down.

Lane Thomas smiled grimly. What a howl the managing editor would put up if he knew that his star crime reporter was sitting on the yarn of the year! And what the police wouldn't give to know that in exactly one hour, guns would blaze on Fourth and Main and a man would slump dead to the sidewalk.

The mobsters had the set-up



timed perfectly. They had been trailing Little Aussie for two days and learned his every movement. They knew that every night, after the meeting, he'd walk by Fourth and Main. Tonight he'd get it—even if he didn't walk by there—because he'd be tailed.

But he'd follow the same route, Lane Thomas knew. Little Aussie was a man of habit. And he'd never suspect that Marco Evans, alone, would be sitting at the wheel of a parked car, engine running, and a pistol waiting for his quarry. Evans had to do the job alone to show his mob what a brave man he was.

★ ★ ★

Lane Thomas' lip curled scornfully. He knew, as did Marco Evans, that Little Aussie never carried a gun. He hadn't in gang days, and he surely wouldn't now. Unprotected, he'd meet his death. A death that he didn't deserve.

★ ★ ★

Lane Thomas looked at his watch. A half hour more. Not much time. He got up and walked to the closet. A blue serge suit was hanging there. He put it on and slipped a revolver into his back pocket. That done, he returned to his typewriter. His eyes were shining now and his fingers caressed the keyboard with an almost loving touch.

★ ★ ★

Staccato sounds echoed in the room as he wrote to the Managing editor:

"Dear Hatchet-Face:

"This is my resignation. The Doc has ordered me to give up the active life if I want to live another few months. I've wasted a lot of years on your sheet, so I'm giving myself a break,

"Don't try to locate me, because I'm going to change my name if I have to."

Lane Thomas signed and stamped it. The letter he placed in front of his typewriter where Mrs. Murphy would find and post it, thinking he had forgotten to mail it.

★ ★ ★

There were tired lines on his face as he examined the mechanism of the gun. Satisfied, he thrust it back into his pocket, then looked at his watch. Not much time to lose.

He went over to the phone and dialed a number. His message, he was promised, would be relayed immediately. Smiling grimly, Lane Thomas went out. The long distance call to his home town would keep Little Aussie's busy enough. And safe inside the convention. Lane Thomas smiled again, imagining Little Aussie's mystification.

★ ★ ★

But by the time Little Aussie pieced together what had happened it would be all over.

★ ★ ★

The night was warm, but there was a fresh breeze blowing from the river as Lane Thomas moved over onto Fourth and Main. There weren't many lights there, and little traffic. A black coupe was parked idly on one side of the street.

Lane Thomas shot a quick glance at his watch. It was time now. He paused a moment as he drew abreast of the coupe and imagined he could see a shadowy figure peering out.

★ ★ ★

That would be Marco Evans, Lane Thomas thought, waiting with a gun. He would want to be sure, and so he would be very careful.

Deliberately, Lane Thomas lit a match, illuminating his face, as it touched the cigarette dangling from his lips.

"This is it," he said in one hurried breath. "This is it!"

Marco Evans wouldn't expect his gunplay to be returned. And that was a break.

★ ★ ★

Lane Thomas saw the white of a hand in the darkened interior of the coupe and a sad smile came over his face as he reached for his gun and walked over. Stabs of flame struck the night, resounded through the quiet streets as two guns blazed. There was a convulsive movement inside the coupe.

★ ★ ★

Lane Thomas saw it as he went down from the three bullets imbedded in his body. But there was a smile on his face as he went to his death. Little Aussie would understand, he wouldn't talk, because years ago, when Little Aussie got on the wrong side of the fence, Lane Thomas had made him promise never to use his right name. Little Aussie's mother had been alive then, and it would have broken her heart to know that one of her boys was Little Aussie, the gangster, and not Austin Thomas, a salesman.

★ ★ ★

But you can't help feeling that she would have been awfully proud of her other son, Lane, who had just given the life, which soon would have drawn to a close, to his twin brother, Little Aussie.

**THE  
END**

# THE FLYING JEEPS

AFTER A FORCED LANDING  
BEHIND ENEMY LINES,  
THE JEEPS ESCAPED  
DISGUISED AS A HORSE.  
...THEY'RE GOING TO  
TRY IT AGAIN...



THIS MAY  
BE A GOOD  
SCHEME, BUT  
WHY KEEP  
THE ENGINE  
TURNING?

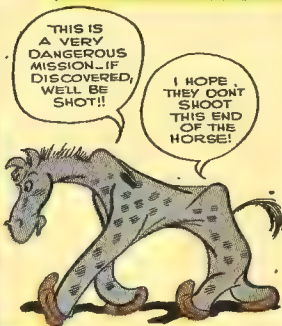
THAT'LL KEEP  
THE MOTOR HOT  
IF WE HAVE TO  
MAKE A QUICK  
GETAWAY... WE'LL  
HIDE THE PLANE  
IN THE WOODS  
AND THEN  
SCOUT AROUND.



IT'S LIKELY  
THEY'RE  
USING THAT  
BIG CHATEAU  
AS GENERAL  
HEADQUARTERS.



AN OFFICIAL  
CAR JUST  
ROLLED IN...MAYBE  
A BIG CONFERENCE  
IS ON...LET'S  
GET INTO THAT  
MAKE-UP!



THIS IS  
A VERY  
DANGEROUS  
MISSION...IF  
DISCOVERED,  
WE'LL BE  
SHOT!!

I HOPE  
THEY DON'T  
SHOOT  
THIS END  
OF THE HORSE!



COME IN CHENERALS,  
AND TAKE A LOAD  
OFF DER FEET...WE  
HAF NEW PLANS  
SENT BY DER  
CHENERAL STAFF  
TO WIN DER  
WAR!



SO HERE IS DER PLAN FOR  
DER GRAND STRATEGY!! SHOWS  
HOW WE CONQUER DER  
WORLD FOR DER MASTER  
RACE... UND RESERVE  
DER SOUTH POLE, MAYBE  
FOR ANYBODY ELSE!!

HA!  
BUT  
WHO  
ISS  
DOT  
HORSE?



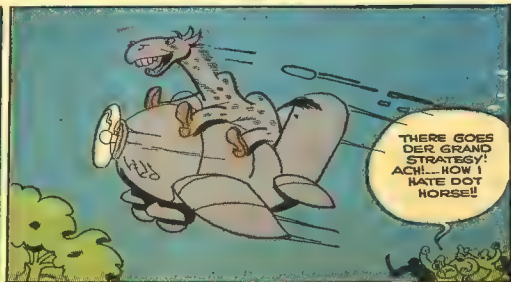
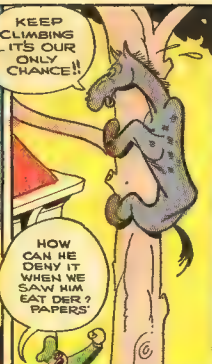
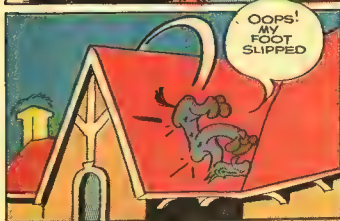
VOSS ISS?..  
DOT HORSE  
ISS STEALING  
DER GRAND  
STRATEGY!!

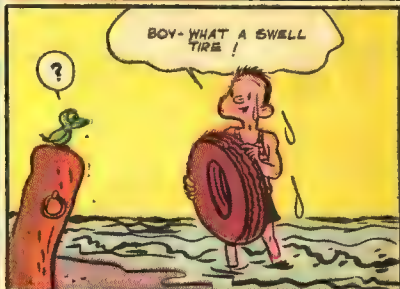
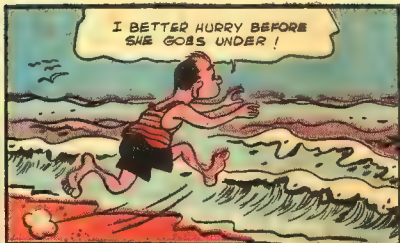
SOME-  
BODY  
DO  
SOME-  
TINGS!





OOPS!  
MY FOOT  
SLIPPED





**BIGGEST  
AND BEST!**

THIS IS IT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN --- **96 PAGES** OF HIGH-POWERED SUPER-ACTION FEATURES! ALL BRAND-NEW, NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED ---AND THE **ONLY** MAGAZINE CONTAINING **BOTH SUPERMAN AND BATMAN!**

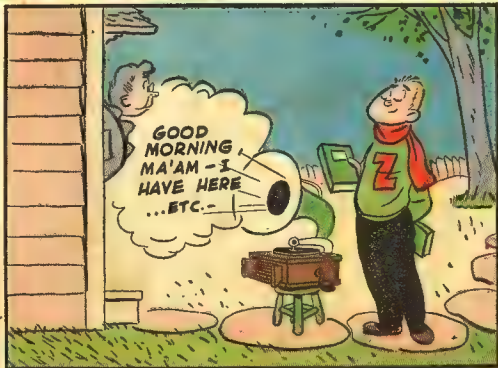
**NOW  
ON SALE**

A large, muscular man in an orange jumpsuit and cap is holding a copy of "World's Finest Comics" magazine. The magazine cover features Superman, Batman, and Robin on a ship with three large searchlights. Text on the cover includes "No. 7", "96 PAGES", "15¢", and "WORLD'S FINEST COMICS". A small cartoon character in a green uniform is running towards the man. The words "NOW ON SALE" are written in large, bold letters at the bottom.

# JERRY

## THE JITTERBUG

READY  
GO! OFF

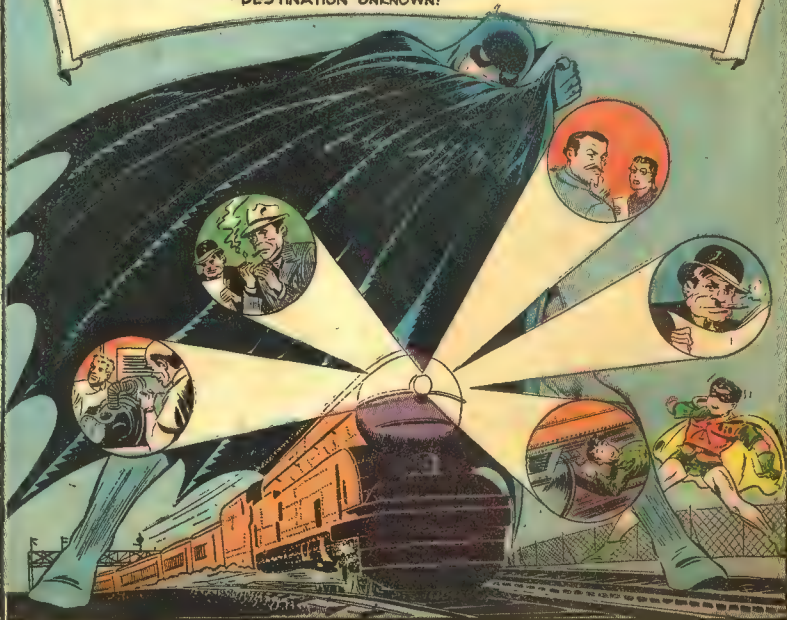




# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN

ALL-L-L ABO-O-O-OARD FOR THE SURPRISE TRIP OF YOUR LIFE...  
WITH AS WEIRD AN ASSORTMENT OF FELLOW-PASSENGERS AS EVER RODE A CRACK  
TRANSCONTINENTAL FLYER! MEET THE TRAGIC YOUNG PRISONER BOUND FOR THE LETHAL GAS  
CHAMBER... THE RICH AND RENOWNED "TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" MAN... THE STRANGELY SILENT FIGURE IN  
THE IRON LUNG... THE OVER-AMBITIOUS DETECTIVE... AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THE MYSTERIOUS HOBO  
RIDING THE RODS!... THE BELL CLINGS, THE WHISTLE SHRILLS, THE HAND OF FATE YANKS THE  
THROTTLE WIDE... AND IT TAKES ALL THE STEELY NERVE AND SMASHING STRENGTH  
OF THE BATTLING BATMAN AND THE DAREDEVIL ROBIN TO CHECK A ROARING  
DASH TO DISASTER IN THIS SUPER-SPEED STORY...  
"DESTINATION UNKNOWN!"



THE GATEWAY TO ADVENTURE, IN  
GOTHAM CITY'S GRAND CENTRAL  
STATION---

I'M MR.  
CLAYBORN'S  
SECRETARY...  
HE'LL BE  
FURIOUS IF  
I MISS THE  
TRAIN!

NON-STOP TO  
CALIFORNIA ---  
LET ME SEE  
YOUR TICKET!

BEYOND, LIKE AN IMPATIENT DRAGON, THE WORLD'S MOST LUXURIOUS TRAIN  
JOLTS FORWARD AT THE CONDUCTOR'S SIGNAL---

--BO-O-O-OARD!

AN IMPORTANT TRAIN CARRYING IMPORTANT  
PEOPLE... SUCH AS CLYDE CLAYBORN,  
COLLECTOR OF ODDITIES, FAMED AS THE  
"TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" MAN---

NICE HAVING YOU WITH  
US, MR. CLAYBORN... IF I  
CAN DO ANYTHING TO MAKE  
YOUR TRIP  
ENJOYABLE...

IF YOU CAN FIND  
ME A STARTLING  
ODDITY BEFORE  
WE GET TO  
CALIFORNIA, I'LL  
GIVE YOU A \$1,000!

I'LL TRY... BUT  
NOTHING EVER  
HAPPENS ON  
THESE TRAINS!

MISS HIBBS,  
MAKE A NOTE...  
IT'S TRICKY, BUT  
TRUE, THAT  
OF 2,117  
CONDUCTORS  
I'VE MET, NOT  
ONE HAS ADDED  
A NEW ODDITY  
TO MY  
COLLECTION!

YES, MR.  
CLAYBORN!

LATER...

CLYDE CLAYBORN  
IS LOOKING FOR  
A NEW ODDITY...  
PERHAPS YOUR  
PATIENT IN  
THE IRON  
LUNG...

SORRY, MR.  
FORTESQUE  
CAN'T BE  
DISTURBED.

HE'S IN A COMA---  
AND IF WE DON'T  
GET HIM TO THAT  
CALIFORNIA SPECIALIST  
IN A HURRY, HE  
MAY NEVER  
WAKE UP!

THE LEAST  
DISTURBANCE  
MIGHT KILL  
HIM!

NOR IS MR. FORTESQUE THE ONLY  
PASSENGER OVER WHOM THE SHADOW  
OF DEATH LIES DARKLY---

AN ODDITY? I'M  
ONE... A MAN  
ABOUT TO BE  
SENT TO THE  
LETHAL GAS  
CHAMBER IN  
CALIFORNIA FOR  
A MURDER I DIDN'T  
COMMIT!

THEN YOU'RE  
JOHN KEYES,  
WHO ESCAPED  
FROM THAT  
CALIFORNIA  
PRISON! AND  
THIS IS--

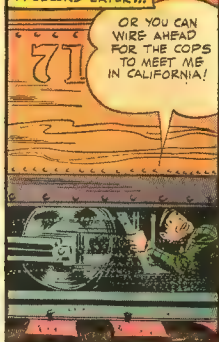
DETECTIVE  
GUFFEY--AN  
LIEUTENANT.  
GUFFEY WHEN  
I GET BACK,  
FOR CATCHING  
THIS BIRD!

THANKS...  
BUT I  
STILL  
WANT AN  
ODDITY!

AT THE CITY LIMITS, AS THE TRAIN CRAWLS THROUGH A FREIGHT YARD, A PICTURESQUE FIGURE DARTS BETWEEN RUMBLING WHEELS...



A SECOND LATER...



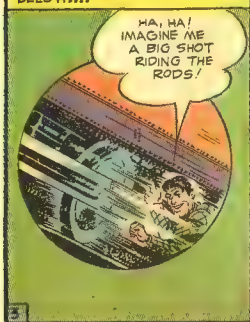
HOW CAN I GET AN ODDITY FOR CLAYBORN WHEN THIS TRIP IS EXACTLY LIKE ALL THE OTHERS? LIFE IS PRETTY DULL FOR US RAILROAD MEN!



BUT LIFE IS NEVER DULL WHEN ONE LOOKS BENEATH THE SURFACE.. AS A BIT OF MIND-READING AT DINNER-TIME WILL PROVE..



AND THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE BELOW....



ON INTO GATHERING DARKNESS RUSHES THE TRAIN WITH ITS CARGO OF HUMAN FEARS AND WORRIES...AND STEALTHILY A SHADOW CREEPS OVER THE SWAYING TOPS OF THE COACHES...

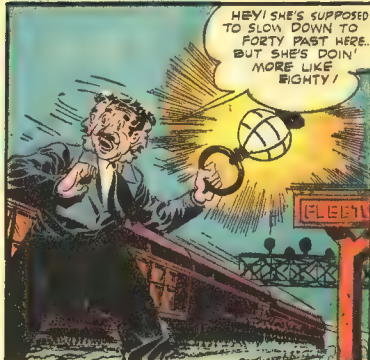
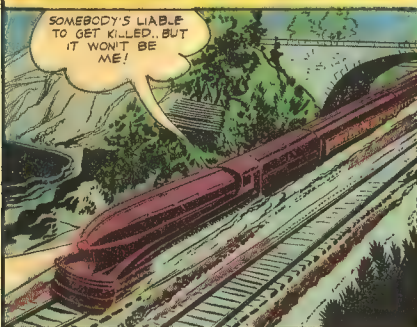


THE NEXT INSTANT, AS THE ENGINEER TURNS...





A PURPOSEFUL HAND PULLS AT THE THROTTLE, AND THE HUGE ENGINE CANNONBALLS AHEAD IN A SURGE OF POWER...



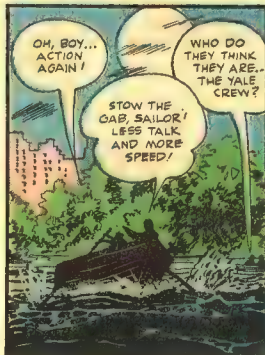
LURCHING AND SWAYING, THE RUNAWAY TRAIN STREAKS LIKE THE COMET FOR WHICH IT IS NAMED THROUGH VILLAGES AND COUNTRYSIDE...



IN GOTHAM CITY, THE TELETYPE BRINGS STARTLING NEWS TO GORDON...



STABBING UPWARD THROUGH THE NIGHT, A DAZZLING FINGER OF LIGHT OUTLINES A WEIRD BLACK SHAPE AGAINST THE CLOUDS...



HOPE WE  
AREN'T LATE,  
COMMISSIONER!

BATMAN  
AND ROBIN!  
THANK GOODNESS  
YOU'RE HERE!  
THE COMET  
IS RUNNING  
WILD AND--

A SWIFT CHANGE OF GARMENTS--  
A MAD DASH OVER ROOFTOPS-- AND  
MOMENTS LATER THE DYNAMIC DUO  
SWOOPS INTO GORDON'S OFFICE...

WESTWARD ACROSS STATE LINES WINGS THE BATWINGED CRAFT, FLEETER  
THAN ANYTHING ELSE ON EARTH OR ABOVE IT--UNTIL AT LAST---

THERE SHE  
IS--AND  
LOOK AT  
HER GO!

DOWN WE GO!  
IF SHE HITS TRAVERS  
TRESTLE AT THAT  
SPEED, THERE WON'T  
BE A SINGLE  
PASSENGER  
LEFT ALIVE!

OUT UPON TRAVERS TRESTLE--WHERE THE TRACK CURVES SHARPLY OVER  
A DIZZY CHASM TO PLUNGE INTO A TUNNEL BEYOND--CHARGES THE THUNDER-  
ING STEEL MONSTER--

BUT AT LEAST ONE OF ITS PASS-  
ENGERS DOES NOT INTEND TO DIE--

THE WHOLE TRAIN  
WILL LEAVE THE RAILS  
AT THE CURVE, BUT  
I'LL LEAVE BEFORE THAT--  
WITH MY LITTLE  
PARACHUTE! HA, HA!

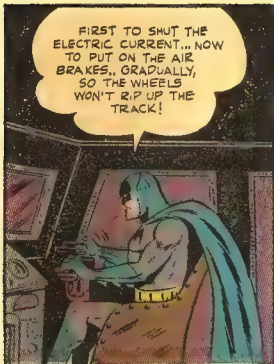
WHINING BULLETS  
SPRAY ABOUT  
THE BATMAN  
AS THE ENGINE  
HURTLES  
FORWARD--

OUT OF THE  
LINE OF FIRE AT  
LAST! NOW FOR  
THE BRAKES--

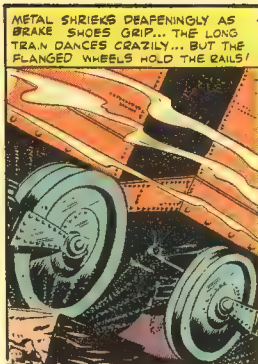
SUDDENLY--

WHAT'S THIS!  
A PLANE,  
AND-- THE  
BATMAN!

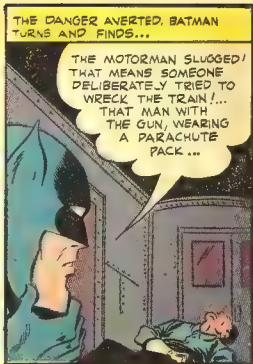
NOT EVEN HE  
CAN SPOIL MY  
GAME! I'LL  
OGET HIM!



FIRST TO SHUT THE ELECTRIC CURRENT... NOW TO PUT ON THE AIR BRAKES.. GRADUALLY, SO THE WHEELS WON'T RIP UP THE TRACK!



METAL SHRIEKS DEAFENINGLY AS BRAKE SHOES GRIP... THE LONG TRAIN DANCES CRAZILY... BUT THE FLANGED WHEELS HOLD THE RAILS!



THE DANGER AVERTED. BATMAN TURNS AND FINDS...

THE MOTORMAN SLUGGED! THAT MEANS SOMEONE DELIBERATELY TRIED TO WRECK THE TRAIN!... THAT MAN WITH THE GUN, WEARING A PARACHUTE PACK...

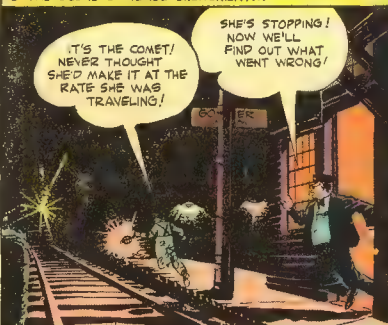
HIS BELT RADIO SPEEDS A MESSAGE TO THE SOARING ROBIN...



CALLING ROBIN! WE'VE GOT A HUNT FOR WRECKERS ON OUR HANDS! MEET ME AT GOPHER JUNCTION! LISTEN... HERE'S WHAT YOU DO...

CALLING BATMAN! MESSAGE RECEIVED! SAVE ME SOME EXCITEMENT... OR ELSE!

GOPHER JUNCTION, ORDINARILY A WHISTLE STOP, TONIGHT IS THE SCENE OF TENSE EXCITEMENT...



IT'S THE COMET! NEVER THOUGHT SHE'D MAKE IT AT THE RATE SHE WAS TRAVELING!

SHE'S STOPPING! NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT WENT WRONG!

BUT THE MYSTERY REMAINS AS DEEP AS EVER!



THE ENGINEER'S OUT COLD!... NO, HE'S REVIVING...

WH-WHERE AM I?... SOMEONE HIT ME!...

HERE COMES THE CONDUCTOR... HE MAY KNOW SOMETHING!



ALL I KNOW IS, I THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS! WE STARTED RUNNING WIDE OPEN, AND EVERYBODY WAS SHAKEN UP, AND...

BUT IF THE ENGINEER WAS UNCONSCIOUS, WHO BROUGHT THE TRAIN IN SAFELY?

STILL, FRIGHTENED BY THE RUNAWAY, THE PASSENGERS FORM A TALKATIVE GROUP ON THE STATION PLATFORM...



I'LL BET I MISSED A GOOD "TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" ITEM! WHO TRIED TO WRECK THE TRAIN? WHO SAVED US?

DON'T ASK ME... I'M TRYING TO FORGET THAT EXPERIENCE!



BUT ONE PASSENGER FLITS LIKE A FUGITIVE THROUGH SHADOWS AT THE FARTHER SIDE OF THE TRAIN...

CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON BEING SEEN... THINK I'LL HIDE BEHIND THESE OLD FREIGHTS...



ONLY TO ENCOUNTER ANOTHER FLITTING SHADOW, THE BATMAN, WHO SWUNG FROM THE ENGINE A SECOND BEFORE IT GROUND TO A STOP!

HAVE YOU GOT A TICKET? OR SHOULD I PUNCH..?

BATMAN!..... SO IT WAS YOU WHO BROUGHT THE TRAIN IN! YOU OUGHT TO GET A REWARD!



I DON'T TAKE REWARDS... BUT IF I DID, I MIGHT COLLECT ONE FOR TURNING YOU OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES!

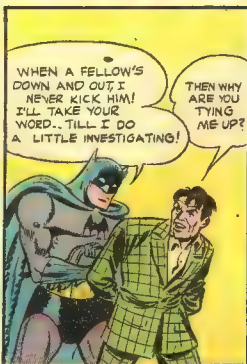
NOT GUILTY, BATMAN! I WAS HANGING ONTO THE RODS, SCARED TO DEATH, WHEN WE HIT THE TRESTLE!

I HOPE ONE BELIEVES ME!

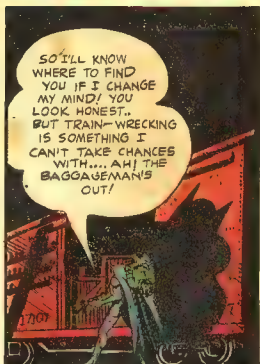


WHEN A FELLOW'S DOWN AND OUT, I NEVER KICK HIM! I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD... TILL I DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!

THEN WHY ARE YOU TYING ME UP?



SO I'LL KNOW WHERE TO FIND YOU IF I CHANGE MY MIND! YOU LOOK HONEST, BUT TRAIN-WRECKING IS SOMETHING I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES WITH... AH! THE BAGGAGEMAN'S OUT!



SHUCKING HIS FIGHTING GEAR, THE BATMAN DISAPPEARS... AND A MOMENT LATER BRUCE WAYNE STANDS AT THE TICKET WINDOW AT THE STATION.

LUCKY FOR ME! THIS TRAIN STOPPED HERE... I'LL TAKE A TICKET THROUGH TO THE END OF THE RUN!

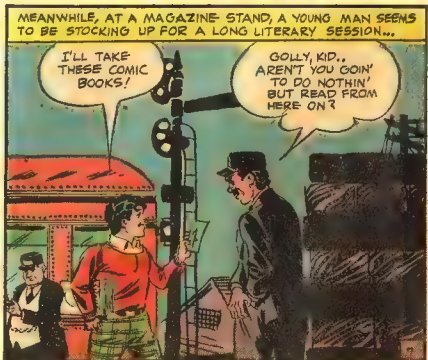
HERE Y'ARE!



MEANWHILE, AT A MAGAZINE STAND, A YOUNG MAN SEEMS TO BE STOCKING UP FOR A LONG LITERARY SESSION...

I'LL TAKE THESE COMIC BOOKS!

GOLLY, KID, AREN'T YOU GOIN' TO DO NOTHIN' BUT READ FROM HERE ON?



AND IN THE BAGGAGE CAR...

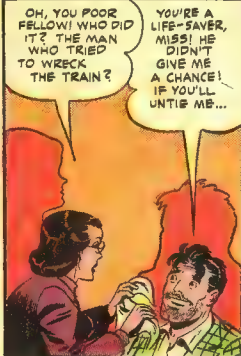


WHERE'S THE BAGGAGEMAN? MR. CLAYBORN WANTS A BOOK FROM HIS TRUNK AND.. OH!... A MAN.. BOUND AND GAGGED!

MMFFFF! URGLE...

OH, YOU POOR FELLOW! WHO DID IT? THE MAN WHO TRIED TO WRECK THE TRAIN?

YOU'RE A LIFE-SAVER, MISS! HE DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE! IF YOU'LL UNTIE ME...



A MOMENT LATER...

A MILLION THANKS! NEXT TIME WE MEET, I'LL TELL YOU HOW PRETTY YOU ARE... BUT RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF SIGHT!

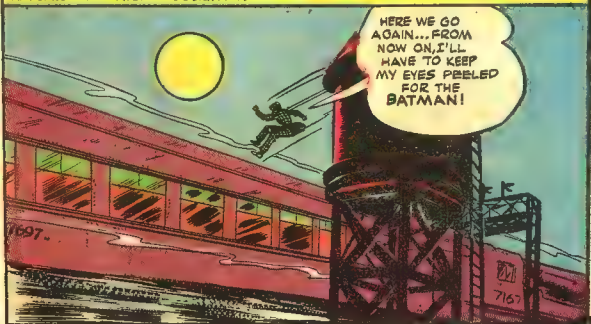
WAIT! WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO I KNOW?



WHAT IF I DID WRONG? WHAT IF HE WAS THE TRAIN-WRECKER HIMSELF? AFTER ALL, HE'S RAGGED.. JUST A HOBO... BUT HE HAD THE NICEST EYES...



NICE EYES, PERHAPS.... BUT A PURPOSEFUL GLINT SHINES IN THEM AS THE TRAIN RESUMES ITS FATEFUL JOURNEY...



HERE WE GO AGAIN... FROM NOW ON, I'LL HAVE TO KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR THE BATMAN!

IN THE OBSERVATION COACH...



MR WAYNE, I'VE HEARD OF YOU... YOU DON'T KNOW OF AN ODDITY I COULD PASS ON TO THE "TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" MAN, DO YOU?

THERE ISN'T MUCH EXCITEMENT IN MY LIFE, BUT I'LL TRY TO THINK OF SOMETHING!

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WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, BOY? I'LL HAVE TO PUT YOU OFF!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, CONDUCTOR... THE KID MAY NOT BE BRIGHT, BUT HE LOOKS HONEST... I'LL PAY HIS FARE!



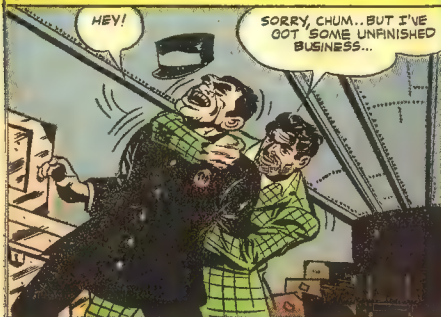
WELL... ALL RIGHT, THEN!

THAT'S MY FAVORITE MAGAZINE!

GEE, THANKS, MISTER... JUST FOR THAT, HERE'S A FREE COPY!



ONCE MORE THE BLACKNESS OF THE OPEN COUNTRY SWALLOWS THE SPEEDING TRAIN... AND MENACE GATHERS LIKE A STORMY CLOUD...



THE BOASTFUL DETECTIVE GUFFEY IS "BLACKED OUT" ALSO...



SCOUTING THROUGH THE TRAIN IN HIS ROLE AS A SALESMAN OF EXCITING STORIES, ROBIN LOOKS AND LISTENS FOR INFORMATION...

HE WAS TIED, AND I'M NOT SURE I SHOULD HAVE SET HIM FREE... HE LOOKED SO NICE, EVEN WITHOUT A SHAVE!



BUY A MAGAZINE, SIR? I'M AFRAID YOU'RE ROMANTIC, MISS HIBBS. HE MAY BE DANGEROUS... HUH? WHY... ER... YES, BOY! IT MAY GIVE ME AN ODDITY!

BUY A... HEY, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SAY, NO!



BEAT IT, BRAT! HERE WE'RE TRYING TO TAKE CARE OF A DYING MAN, AND EVERYBODY BARGES IN ON US!

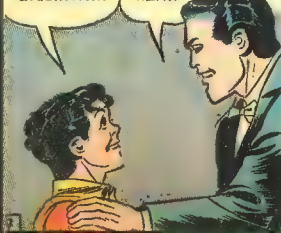
READ ABOUT THE... OH, OH! THE DETECTIVE'S KNOCKED OUT, AND HIS PRISONER'S GONE! THIS IS BAD!



LATER... DICK FINDS BRUCE ALONE... AND...

... AND THAT'S ALL I COULD FIND OUT! OF COURSE, IF I'D BEEN BRIGHTER...

YOU'LL DO, FELLA... PROVIDING YOU TURN INTO ROBIN IN A HURRY AND FOLLOW ME TO MY COMPARTMENT!



AND ONCE MORE, GARBED IN THEIR MANTLED COSTUMES, THE BATMAN AND HIS BATTLING PAL RACE INTO ACTION...

BUT THAT'S WHERE THE MAN IN THE IRON LUNG IS... POSSIBLY DYING!

SURE... AND HIS NURSES WERE THE ONES WHO OBJECTED MOST STRENUOUSLY TO YOUR BOTHERING THEM, WEREN'T THEY?





DEATH HAS INDEED COME CLOSE TO THE MAN IN THE IRON LUNG...FOR THE NEXT INSTANT...

NOT OXYGEN.. POISON GAS! IN ANOTHER MINUTE, HE'D HAVE BEEN DEAD!

THE NURSES.. THEY'VE GONE! AND THE WINDOWS ARE OPEN!

THAT FELLOW WILL LIVE, AND THE NURSES COULDN'T HAVE JUMPED OFF AT THIS SPEED! I'M GOING UP ON TOP! YOU GO FORWARD AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!

RIGHT!

CLAMBERING PRECARIOUSLY OVER THE SWAYING TOP OF THE COACH, THE BATMAN SIGHTS.. AND IS SIGHTED BY.. HIS QUARRY?

THE BATMAN AGAIN! I MISSED HIM BEFORE.. BUT THIS TIME I WON'T!

BETTER SHOOT FAST, THEN, RAT!

A PANTHER-SWIFT LUNGE OF A TRAINED, POWERFUL FRAME, AND...

SHUT YOUR EYES, BATMAN...

HANG ON WHEN YOU'RE HIT, OR THE JAIL AT THE END OF THE LINE WILL BE OUT A CUSTOMER!

I'D RATHER FALL OFF THAN GET HIT AGAIN!

BUT NOT EVEN THE BATMAN'S LIGHTNING SPEED CAN OUTMATCH BLASTING LEAD.. AND THE CRIMINAL'S BULLET STRIKES WITH PILE-DRIVER FORCE!

...I GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

OOHHH-H-H.. HE'S GOT ME...

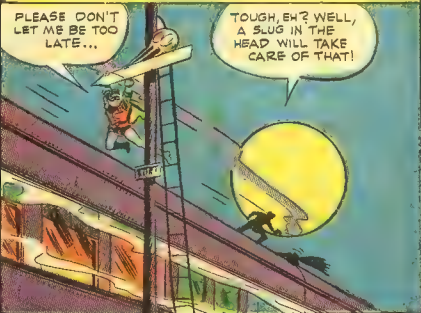
FAR TOWARD THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN, ROBIN HEARS THE BARK OF THE SHOT...

A SHOT! AND THE BATMAN'S HIT! I..I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

TURNING SHARPLY AND SNATCHING THE EXTENDED ARM OF A SEMAPHORE SIGNAL, THE BOY LETS THE TRAIN THUNDER BENEATH HIM...

PLEASE DON'T LET ME BE TOO LATE...

TOUGH, EH? WELL, A SLUG IN THE HEAD WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!



LOW BRIDGE.. BUT NOT LOWER THAN YOU!

Y-III!

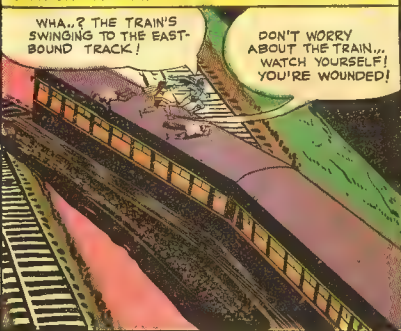
ROBIN! SAVED.. MY.. LIFE...



SUDDENLY, A SICKENING LURCH OF THE TRAIN WARNS OF FRESH DANGER...

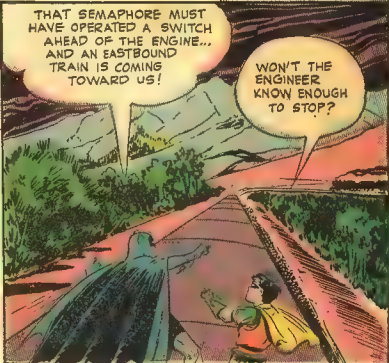
WHA..? THE TRAIN'S SWINGING TO THE EAST-BOUND TRACK!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE TRAIN... WATCH YOURSELF! YOU'RE WOUNDED!



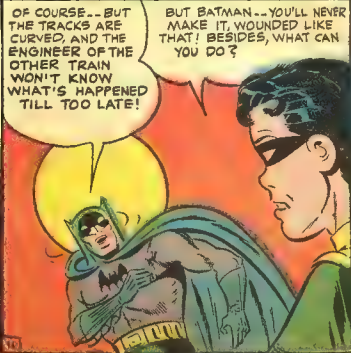
THAT SEMAPHORE MUST HAVE OPERATED A SWITCH AHEAD OF THE ENGINE... AND AN EASTBOUND TRAIN IS COMING TOWARD US!

WON'T THE ENGINEER KNOW ENOUGH TO STOP?



OF COURSE-- BUT THE TRACKS ARE CURVED, AND THE ENGINEER OF THE OTHER TRAIN WON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TILL TOO LATE!

BUT BATMAN-- YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT, WOUNDED LIKE THAT! BESIDES, WHAT CAN YOU DO?



WITHOUT A WAY OF SIGNALING THE ON-RUSHING TRAIN, HOW CAN BATMAN PREVENT A HEAD-ON CRASH? YET DOGGEDLY HE STRUGGLES FORWARD...

GOT TO MAKE IT... GOT TO...



THE ENGINEER, HELPLESSLY AWARE OF THE PERIL, KNOWS NOTHING OF THE WOUNDED MAN FIGHTING A VALIANT BATTLE OVERHEAD...

GOT TO...  
KEEP  
GOING...

I'VE CUT THE  
ELECTRIC AND  
SET THE BRAKES...  
WHAT ELSE CAN  
I DO?

NOW HE LOWERS HIMSELF TO THE COWCATCHER!... BUT WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, EXCEPT THAT BATMAN WILL BE THE FIRST TO DIE WHEN STEEL MEETS STEEL IN THUNDERING CHAOS?...

AT LAST...  
IF ONLY  
I'M IN  
TIME...

ABOARD THE EASTBOUND EXPRESS,  
THE ENGINEER BLINKS AT A STRANGE  
SIGHT...

WHAT'S  
UP?

SOMETHING FUNNY...  
COME HERE, JOE,  
AND TELL ME  
WHAT YOU SEE  
AHEAD OF THAT  
WESTBOUND  
ENGINE!

WHY, IT'S A  
BAT! WHAT'S  
A BAT DOING  
OUT HERE  
ON THE  
PRAIRIE?

MAKES ME THINK  
OF... LET'S SEE...  
THE BATMAN,  
WHO SHOWS UP WHEN  
THERE'S TROUBLE...  
TROUBLE??? QUICK,  
JOE-- THE BRAKES!!

A BAT!... BUT BENEATH THE  
WEIRD SYMBOL, A MAN'S  
GRIM DETERMINATION KEEPS  
IT FLYING!

THE BAT EMBLEM...  
RIPPED FROM THE FRONT  
OF MY UNIFORM  
... MAYBE IT WILL  
WARN THEM!

TWO THUNDERING DRAGONS SHUDDER AND SCREECH UNDER THE SQUEEZE  
OF AIR BRAKES... SHUDDER AND SLACKEN THEIR TERRIFIC SPEED...

BATMAN!  
YOU -- YOU  
SAVED US!

EXCUSE ME...  
TIRED... GOT TO  
SIT DOWN  
SOMEWHERE...

ANOTHER SECOND  
WOULD HAVE SEEN  
THE WORST WRECK  
IN TEN YEARS!



DESTINATION UNKNOWN! WE HAVE CALLED THIS STORY OF A GROUP OF VERY HUMAN BEINGS, ALL IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING... AND NOW, AS REPORTERS FLOCK AROUND, LET US SEE WHETHER THEIR QUESTS WERE SUCCESSFUL.



JOHN KEYES, NO LONGER A MURDER SUSPECT, IS INTERVIEWED...

I TOLD THEM I WAS INNOCENT! I ESCAPED, WENT EAST--AND FOUND CERTAIN EVIDENCE WHICH I HOPED WOULD WIN ME A NEW TRIAL...

TODAY THE WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW YOU WERE INNOCENT!



DETECTIVE CUFFY, THE AMBITIOUS SLEUTH...

I CAUGHT KEYES, AND THOUGHT I'D GET PROMOTED FOR THAT... BUT IT LOOKED BAD WHEN THOSE CROOKS SLUGGED ME, TOOK MY PRISONER! BUT ALL'S WELL NOW, SINCE I NABBED THEM!



TRIGGER YURK AND BIFF BOLTON DIDN'T GET WHAT THEY WERE AFTER, BUT THEY'LL GET WHAT THEY DESERVE...

LISTEN TO THAT COPPER BRAG! IT WAS THE BATMAN WHO GRABBED US, AFTER WE'D SNATCHED KEYES AND TRIED TO KILL HIM IN THE IRON LUNG, WHICH HELD ONLY A WAX DUMMY!

WE TRIED TO WRECK THE TRAIN! AFTER SLUGGING THE ENGINEER, I WAS ALL SET TO JUMP, AS WAS MY PAL ON THE OTHER END! ...WHEN BATMAN STOPPED US, WE SNATCHED KEYES, BECAUSE WE WERE AFRAID OF HIS NEW EVIDENCE... YOU SEE, WE DID THE MURDER HE WAS ACCUSED OF!



AND LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE!

MISS HIBBS, IS IT TRUE THAT YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY THIS --ER-- HOBO?

HOBO? HE'S KEN THORNE, PRESIDENT OF THIS RAILROAD! HE GOT SICK OF HIS JOB AND DECIDED TO LOOK FOR ADVENTURE--JUST AS I DID... AND WE MET IN THE BAGGAGE COACH!



THE "TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" MAN'S WORRIES ARE OVER...

I'VE LOST A SECRETARY... BUT LOOK AT THE ODDITIES I'VE GOT! MILLIONAIRE TURNS HOBO, WINS WORKING GIRL! BATMAN SAVES TRAIN SINGLE-HANDED! CROOKS PLAN TO USE LIFE-SAVING IRON LUNG AS INSTRUMENT OF MURDER!

YOUR NEW RADIO PROGRAM SHOULD BE A WOW!

CLICK!



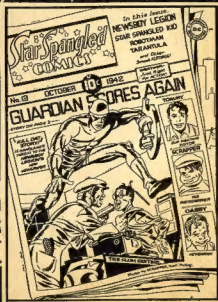
AS FOR THE BORED CONDUCTOR...

HO-HUM! WHAT A LIFE! FORTY YEARS OF CARTING FOLKS BACK AND FORTH... AND NOTHING EVER HAPPENS!





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